The Young Man Out of Business Hours. *By* Senator A. J. Beveridge

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The Triumphs of American Diplomacy

By Hon. John W. Foster

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By Hon. John W. Foster

THE United States in its brief existence has made a unique record in the history of nations. I do not now refer to the material aspects of this record, in the wonderful growth in population, in commerce, in wealth. I have in mind only its political aspects. It would be interesting to review the influence which the adoption of our Constitution has had upon other nations in the formation of their systems of government; or to compare the growth of representative government and liberal political principles throughout the world as a result of the declaration and adoption of republican institutions in America in 1776.. But I desire in this article to discuss more particularly the triumphs of American diplomacy, or to point out its influence in moulding and perfecting the international law of the world.

When the United States entered the family of nations a century and a quarter ago international law was in an inchoate, if not a chaotic, state. The treatises of Grotius, Puffendorf and Vattel had been written many years, and the elevated principles which they had framed to govern the intercourse of states had been in the main accepted by the nations of Europe; but when these principles conflicted with their interests, and especially in time of war, they were readily set aside or disregarded. The conduct of France at the very outset of the contest between Great Britain and her revolted American Colonies was a striking illustration of this. Even before the Colonies had ventured to declare their independence, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs was secretly concerting with the King means of aiding the revolt, had contributed a million livres to that end, had sent to America from the Royal arsenals fifteen thousand stand of arms, and was ready to furnish the rebel army whole parks of artillery, and was only restrained from supplying the cannon from "the circumstance of their bearing the King's arms and cipher, which made them too discoverable." All the while they were protesting the greatest friendship for England and showering attentions on her Ambassador in Paris.

Washington's Firmness with France

The new Government of the United States under the Constitution had scarcely begun its existence when President Washington was confronted by a serious problem in international law. France and England were at war, and all Europe was involved in the conflict. France claimed that under the treaty of 1778 the United States, if it was not bound to join her in arms, should at least allow her free use of its ports as places of refuge for her vessels and as a base of operations from which to fit out cruisers, enlist soldiers, and set on foot military expeditions. A strong party in this country, heartily sympathizing with the French Republic, earnestly supported the claims of France; but the imperturbable character of Washington was not to be swayed by popular clamor from the line of duty marked out by international law, and he issued his celebrated proclamation of neutrality, announcing to the contending Powers that the United States would strictly refrain from any participation in the war, would not allow its ports to be used by either belligerent for hostile purpose, and that American citizens should take no part in the conflict; and he honestly and rigorously enforced this proclamation, and induced Congress to enact laws prescribing neutral rights and duties.

Such conduct was new in European diplomacy, and was regarded by the warring Powers with incredulity. The result was that neither France nor England respected the neutrality of the United States, and our maritime commerce was the prey of both. Each gave just occasion to our country to declare war, but the young nation could not then afford to risk an armed conflict with these great Powers, and Washington and his advisers trusted to time to vindicate their conduct and indemnify the losses of our people. Under the treaty of 1794 Great Britain recognized the injustice of its conduct and paid to American shipowners $6,000,000 to indemnify them for their losses, and Napoleon, conceding the claims of the United States, transferred for a consideration the responsibility for their payment to our Government, which is only now, after a century of delay, discharging its obligation by the liquidation of what are known as the "French spoliation claims."

But the material triumph of the United States was not equal to its moral victory. This attitude of Washington's Administration was a severe and expensive test of its integrity and fortitude, but it was consistently adhered to by succeeding Presidents. A high English authority recently wrote:

> "The right and duty of neutral nations were first recognized and enforced by the United States, long the chief representative and champion of neutral rights." In time the justice and wisdom of the policy have been recognized by all the nations of the earth, and it has become most firmly rooted in the code of international law, and the laws of Congress on the subject have been made the model for similar enactments by Great Britain and other Governments. Says Hall, an English publicist of high repute: "The policy of the United States in 1793 constitutes an epoch in the development of the usages of neutrality. It represented by far the most advanced existing opinions as to what the obligations of neutrality were. In the main it is identical with the standard of conduct which is now adopted by the community of nations."

Upholding the Rule of Free Ships

"Free ships make free goods" was an axiom of the law of nations, taught by recognized publicists long before the United States had an existence, but it was little regarded in time of war. During the American Revolution it required an armed coalition of all the nations of northern Europe to make this and kindred principles effective, and then usually under naval convoy. The United States was from the beginning its ardent champion. It also maintained that a blockade, to be effective, must be attended by the actual presence of a sufficient naval force. It also contended that in time of peace its vessels should not be subject to search and impressment of their crews. For adherence to these just principles in the early years of this century its commerce was ground between the upper and nether millstones of the Napoleonic decrees and the British orders in council. The outrageous disregard of these principles finally drove our country into declaring war against Great Britain. We made a heroic but ineffectual defense of international law against a greatly superior foe, as the war was concluded without any settlement of the issues upon which it was fought. But time again was the vindicator of the American policy. In 1856 England, the country which had so stoutly denied and fought against the policy, united with France and the other great Powers of Europe in the Declaration of Paris, which recognized the American doctrine of free ships and an effective blockade.

The Declaration of Paris likewise declared against the use of privateering in war, a practice which our country had early condemned. In 1785 Franklin had secured a treaty of stipulation against it from Prussia, and the action of the great Powers at Paris in 1856 was merely a tardy recognition of the justice of our contention.

Previous to the War of 1812 Great Britain claimed the right, in time of peace, to stop a vessel flying the American flag on the high sea, visit and search her with an armed force, and take from her any persons found on board whom the British officer might decide were British subjects, despite the protest of the American captain and the unfortunate seamen. In this way the United States' law of naturalization was ignored, and sometimes even native-born American citizens were taken. When the War of 1812 was declared it was estimated that about three thousand American citizens were in enforced service in the British navy. Great Britain never formally disavowed this right of impressment, but after that war it ceased to resort to it. The right of search was distinctly disavowed to our Government by the British Ministry two years after the Declaration of Paris. Thus it is seen that all the diplomatic issues upon which the War of 1812 was fought were finally settled by Great Britain and other nations in favor of the United States.

Denial of Perpetual Allegiance

Our country has from its origin favored the right of expatriation and the validity of our naturalization laws, a practice strongly opposed by the monarchies of Europe, as indicated in the conduct of Great Britain as to impressment just noticed. But in this matter also a steady adherence to our position has brought about ultimate success. The old common-law doctrine, for some time recognized even by our courts, that a subject could not denationalize himself and that he owed perpetual allegiance to the Crown, is now abandoned by the nations of western Europe, the claim of the United States being fully recognized by England in the naturalization act of 1870.

No Government has been more active than ours in securing the general adoption of the practice of extradition, by which criminals are prevented from finding a safe refuge from punishment by fleeing to foreign territory. It now has treaties upon the subject with almost all the civilized nations of the earth.

One of the most important triumphs of American diplomacy in moulding international law is seen in the results of the negotiations growing out of what are known as the Alabama Claims. The reader will recall the conduct of the British Government during our Civil War in allowing the Confederates to build, fit out and dispatch armed cruisers from British ports to prey upon American commerce. By the neglect of that Government honestly to enforce its neutral duties, within one year the American mercantile marine in foreign trade was swept from the seas, and such a deadly wound was inflicted upon our carrying trade that to this day it has not recovered from it. The protests of our Minister in London were presented in vain, and in answer to his repeated demands at the close of the war that compensation be made for the losses, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell, declared "that he wished to say, once for all, that Her Majesty's Government disclaimed any responsibility for the losses, and hoped they had made their position perfectly clear."

But our Government did persist in its claim, and with such determination that a Joint High Commission was appointed to consider the subject, and it agreed to submit the question whether Great Britain had been derelict in its obligations as a neutral nation to the arbitration of an international tribunal; and the British Government assented to the application, by the tribunal, of three rules of neutral conduct, which were in accordance with the contention of the United States. That arbitration, as is well known, resulted in the infliction upon Great Britain of a penalty of fifteen and a half millions of dollars for its neglect of duty toward a friendly nation; but, what was of much more importance to the United States and the world, in addition, these three rules of neutrality, so long and earnestly contended for by our Government, have been recognized as a correct statement of international law, and have been incorporated into the law of nations.

Confiscation of Private Property

While such marked success has attended the efforts of the United States to improve the code governing the intercourse of nations, in one important particular it has labored thus far without definite results. I refer to the principle which it has sought for more than a century to have incorporated in its treaties and in the international code, that all private property on sea, whether in the enemy's vessels or not, shall be exempt from seizure and confiscation. Doctor Franklin, its earliest and ardent champion, proposed its insertion in the treaty of peace with Great Britain, and in a letter to the British Plenipotentiary he referred to "the practice of robbing merchants on the high seas" as "a remnant of the ancient piracy." He said: "It is high time, for the sake of humanity, that a stop were put to this enormity. It will be a happy improvement of the law of nations. The humane and the just cannot but wish general success to the proposition." These views of Franklin have been accepted and advocated by Presidents and Secretaries of State from that day to this.

John Quincy Adams made an earnest effort in 1823, in negotiations then pending with Great Britain, to have that nation accept the proposition and insert it in a treaty, but without avail. When the four rules of the Declaration of Paris were submitted to our Government for acceptance, embracing the subjects of privateering, blockades, free ships and free goods, Secretary Marcy expressed his hearty approval of them as principles for which the United States had long contended, but he asked as an amendment that the enemy's mercantile vessels and private property therein be exempt from seizure. This amendment the great Powers declined to accept. By direction of President McKinley, the delegates of the United States to The Hague International Conference of last year again pressed this proposition upon the nations whose representatives were there assembled. No delegate had the temerity to oppose a principle so humane in its purpose, but they pleaded want of power or instructions to consider it, and it was postponed to some future conference. It is the most important pending addition to the code of international law, and if our Presidents and diplomatists shall continue as faithful and persistent in its advocacy as have their predecessors on the other subjects to which I have made reference, like success will eventually attend their efforts.

In this work of improving the state of international law, American diplomatists have been ably supported by our Supreme Court, whose decisions on international and admiralty law are more widely cited than those of any other tribunal of Christendom. They have also had as useful coadjutors a brilliant list of American authors, whose works are unequaled by those of any other country, on which list appear the names of Story, Kent, Wheaton, Halleck, Woolsey and Wharton.

It is gratifying to the patriotic American that his country's history shows such a record of diplomatic triumphs. But he can take greater pride in this record when it is seen that it manifests on the part of the nation an earnest effort to ameliorate the horrors of war, to bring about a genuine neutrality, a freer commerce and respect for private property, and to establish more advanced ideas of natural rights and justice.

JEAN MICHAUD'S LITTLE SHIP

By Charles G. D. Roberts

PATIENTLY, doggedly, yet with the light in his eyes that belongs to the enthusiast and the dreamer, young Jean Michaud had worked at it. Throughout the winter he had hewed the seasoned timbers and the diminutive hackmatack "knees" from the swamp far back in the Equille Valley; and whenever the sledding was good with his yoke of black oxen he had hauled his materials to the secret place of his ship-building by the winding shore of a deep tidal tributary of the Port Royal. In the spring he had laid the keel and riveted securely to it the squared hackmatack knees. It was unusual to use such sturdy and unmanageable timbers as these hackmatack knees for a craft so small as this which the young Acadian was building; but Jean Michaud's thoughts were long thoughts and went far ahead. He was putting all his hopes as well as all his scant patrimony into this little ship; and he was resolved that it should be strong to carry his fortunes.

Through all the green and blue and golden Acadian summer he had toiled joyously at bending the thin planks and riveting them soundly to the ribs, the stem and the sternpost. It was hot work, but white and savory, the clean spruce planks that he wrought with breathing sweet scents to his lungs as adz and chisel and saw set free the tonic spirit of their fibres. His chips soon spread a yellow carpet over the mossy sward and the tree-roots. The yellow sides of his graceful craft presently arose high among the green kissing branches of the water-ash and Indian pear. The tawny golden-shimmering current of the creek lipped up at high tide close under the stern of the little ship and set afloat the lowest layers of the chips; while at ebb a gleaming abyss of red mud with walls sloping sharply to a mere rivulet at their foot seemed to tempt the structure to a premature launching and a wild swooping rush to oozy doom. Very secluded, far apart from beaten highway or forest byway and quite aside from all the river traffic, was the place of Jean Michaud's shipbuilding. And so it came about that the clear ringing blows of his adz, the sharp staccato of his diligent hammer and the strident crying of his saw brought no answer but the chatter of the striped chipmunks among the near tree-roots, or the scolding of the garrulous and inquisitive red squirrels from the branches overhead. At the quiet of the noon hour, while Jean lay in the shade contemplating his handiwork, and weaving his many-colored dreams, and munching his brown-bread cakes and pale cheese, the clucking partridge hen would lead her brood out to investigate the edges of the chip-strewn open, where insects gathered in the heat. And afterward, when once more Jean's hammering set up its brisk and cheerful echoes, the big golden-wing woodpeckers would promptly accept the sound as a challenge, and begin an emulous rat-tat-tat-tat-ing on the resonant sound-board of a dead beech not far off.

By the time the partridge brood had taken to whirring up into the maple branches when alarmed, instead of scurrying to cover in the underbrush, the hull was completed; and a smell of smoking pitch drowned the woodsy odors as Jean caulked the seams. Then the pale yellow of the timbers no more shone through the reddening leafage, but a sombre black bulk loomed impressively above the chips, daunting the squirrels for a few days with its strange shadow. By the time of the moose-calling, when the rowan-berries hung in great scarlet bunches and half the red leafage was turning brown, and the pale-gold birch-leaves fell in fluttering showers at every gust, two slim masts had raised their tops above the trees, and a white bowsprit was thrusting its nose into the branches of the nearest red maple. Under the bowsprit glittered a carved and gilded Madonna, the most auspicious figurehead to which, in Jean's eyes, he could intrust the fortunes of his handiwork. A few days more and the ship was done—so nearly complete that three or four hours of work would make her ready for sea. Being so small, it was feasible to launch her in this advanced state of equipment; and the conditions under which she had been built made it necessary that she should be prepared to hurry straight from the greased ways of the launching to the security of the open sea. The tidal creek in which she would first take water could give her no safe harborage; and once out of the creek she would have to make all speed, under cover of night, till Port Royal River and the sodded ramparts of Annapolis town should be left many miles astern.

Having made his preparation and gathered his materials far ahead, and devised his precautions with subtlety, and accustomed his neighbors to the idea that he was an erratic youth, given to long absences and futile schemes, not worth gossip, Jean had succeeded in keeping his enterprise a secret from all but two persons. These two, deep in his counsels from the first, were Barbe Dieudonné, his sweetheart, and Mich' Masson, his friend and ally.

Mich' Masson, whose home, which served him best as a place to stay away from, was in the village of Grand Pré far up on the Basin of Minas, had been Jean's close friend since early boyhood in the days before Port Royal town had been captured by the English and found its name changed to Annapolis. He was a daring adventurer, hunter, woods-ranger, an implacable partisan of the French cause, and just now deeply interested in the traffic between Acadie and the new French fortress city of Louisburg—a traffic which the English Governor was angrily determined to break up. Mich' Masson could sail a ship as well as set a dead-fall or lay an ambush. He had kept bright in Jean's heart the flame of hatred against the English conquerors of Acadie. It was he who had come to the aid of Jean's ship-building from time to time, when timbers had to be put in place which were too heavy for one pair of hands to work with. It was, indeed, at his suggestion that Jean had finally decided to sell his cottage on the outskirts of Annapolis town, his scrap of upland with its apple trees in full bearing, his strip of rich dyke-land by the riverside—secretly to build his little ship for the forbidden traffic—and to settle under the walls of Louisburg where the flag he loved should always wave over his roof-tree. It was Mich' Masson who had shown Jean how by this course he could quickly grow rich, and make a home for Barbe which that somewhat disconcerting and incomprehensible maiden would not scorn to accept. Mich' Masson loved his own honor. He loved Jean. He hated the English. Jean's secret was safe with him.

Mademoiselle Barbe, under a disguise of indifference which sometimes reduced Jean to the not unprofitable condition wherein hard work is the sole refuge from despair, hid a passionate interest in her lover's undertaking. She, too, hated the new domination. She, too, chafed to escape from Annapolis and take up life anew under her old Flag of the Fleur-de-lis. Moreover, her restless and fiery spirit could accept no contented tiller of green Acadian acres for a mate; and she was resolved that Jean's courageous heart and stirring dreams should translate themselves into action. She would have him not only the daring dreamer but the daring doer—the successful smuggler, the shrewd foiler of the English watch-dogs, the admired and consulted partisan leader. That he had it in him to be all these things she felt utterly convinced; but she proposed that the debilitating effects of too much happiness should have no chance of postponing his success. Her keen watchfulness detected every weak spot in Jean's enterprise, every unguarded point in his secret; and her two-edged mockery, which seemed as careless and inconsequent as the wind, at once accomplished the effects she had in view. Her fickleness of mood, her bewildering caprice, were the irridescent foam-bubbles veiling a deep and steady current. She knew that she loved Jean's love for her, of which she felt as certain as dawn does of the sunrise. She had a suspicion in the deep of her heart that she might be in love with Jean himself; but of this she was in no haste to be assured. She was loyal in every fibre. And Jean's secret was safe with her.

Thus the wonder came to pass that Jean's secret, though known to three people, yet remained so long a secret. Had the English Governor, behind his sodded ramparts overlooking the tide, got wind of it, never would Jean Michaud's little ship have sailed the open, save with an English captain and an English crew. It would have been confiscated, on the not unreasonable presumption that it was intended for the forbidden trade.*

Early in the afternoon, on a day of mid-October, Jean stepped down the ladder which leaned against the starboard bow of his ship, and contemplated with satisfaction the name, *Mon Rêve*, which he had just painted in strong, gold lettering. The exultation in his eyes became a passion of love and worship, as he turned to the slim girl who lay curled up luxuriously on a sweet-smelling pile of dried ferns and marsh-grass, watching him.

"Since you won't let me name her directly after you, that is the nearest I can come to it, Barbe," he said. "You can't find fault with that. You are my dream—and all else besides."

For a moment she watched him in silence. Her figure was of a childish slenderness, and there was a childish abandon in her attitude. The small hands crossed idly in her lap were very dark and thin and long-fingered, with rosy nails. She was dressed in skirt and bodice of the creamy Acadian homespun linen, the skirt reaching not quite to her slim ankles. Her mouth was full and red, half sorrowful, half mocking. Her face, small and rather thin, was tanned to a clear, dark brown, and of a type that suggested a strain of the ancient blood of the Basques.

"Since you won't let me name her directly after you, that is the nearest I can come to it, Barbe. . . . You are my dream—and all else besides"

*Author's Note—It was at this time no part of the policy of the English rulers of Acadie to let the Acadians leave their lands and go to strengthen the French in Isle St. Jean and Isle Royale (Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton). Their industry and farming skill were highly esteemed. Their presence was more coveted than their property. There was then no thought of that policy which was in after years to result in the bitter tragedy known as the "Expulsion of the Acadians."

The thick black masses of her hair, with a rebel wave in them, and here and there a glint of flame, half covered her little ears and were gathered into a knot at the back of her neck. The brim of her low-crowned hat of quilted linen was tilted far down to shade her face; and her eyes, very green and clear and large, made a bewildering brilliance in the shadow.

The light in her eyes softened presently, and she said in a low voice:

"Poor boy, a very sharp reality you find me most of the time, I'm afraid."

For this unexpected utterance Jean had no words of answer ready, but his look was a sufficiently eloquent refutation. He took a few eager steps toward her; then, reading inhibition in the sudden gravity of her mouth, he checked himself.

"Day after to-morrow, about sundown," said he, "our Lady and St. Joseph permitting, we will get her launched. The tide will be full then, and we will run down with it, and pass the fort before moonrise. If the wind's fair we will get out of the Basin and off to sea that same night; but if it fails us there'll be tide enough left to get us around the Island and into a hidden anchorage in Hibert River. Then—a cargo of Acadian beef and barley for Louisburg! And then—money! And then—and then—you!"

He looked at her with pleading and longing in his eyes, but with a doggedness about his mouth which told of much pain endured and a determination which might bide its time, indeed, but would not be balked. The look of the mouth she was conscious of, deep down in her heart, and she in reality rested upon it; but it was the look in his eyes which she answered. She answered it lightly. A mocking smile played about the corners of her lips and her eyes sparkled upon him whimsically. The look both repulsed and invited him; and he hung for some moments, as it were, trembling midway between the promise and the denial.

"Don't be too sure of—me!" she said at last. And his face fell—not so much at the words themselves, as at their discouraging accent.

"But," he protested, "it is all planned, all done, just for you, Barbe. There is nothing in it at all, except you. It is all you. That is understood between us from the first, and all the time."

Still her mouth mocked him; and still her eyes gleamed upon him with their enigmatic light.

"You will have your beautiful little ship," she said slowly. "You will have wonderful adventures—and little time to think of me at all. You will make a wonderful deal of money. You will make your name famous and hated among these English. I am expecting you to do great things. But as for me—I am not won yet, Jean."

His eyes glowed upon her, and the lines of his face set themselves with a sudden masterfulness. He gave a little, soft laugh.

"You are mine! You will be my wife before I make my second voyage."

"If you believe that, you ought to be a very happy man," she retorted, and her smile softened almost imperceptibly as she said it. "You don't look quite as happy as you ought to, Jean!"

"*Don't* make me wait for my second voyage! Let me take you away from this unhappy country. Come with me—come with me now!"

He spoke swiftly, his voice thick with the sudden outburst of passion long held in check; and he strode forward to catch her in his arms.

Instantaneous as a darting bird, or a flash of light on a wave, she was up from her resting-place and away behind the pile of grass and ferns.

"Stay there!" she commanded, "or I'll go home at once!"

And Jean stayed.

She laughed at him gayly, mercilessly.

"Would you have me take you on trust, Jean?" she questioned, with her head on one side. "How do I know that you are going to be brave enough to fight the English, or clever enough to outwit them? How do I know you will really do the great things I'm expecting of you? I know your dreams are fine, Boy; but you must show *me* deeds."

"I will," he answered quietly. "Come here, Sweet, just for one minute!"

"No," she said with a very positive shake of her small head. "You must go on with your work. You have more to do yet than you realize. And *I've* something to do, too. I must go home at once."

"That's not fair, Barbe!" he pleaded.

"I don't care! It is good for you. No, don't come one step with me. Not one step. Go on with your work. I'm going to fly."

She ran lightly across the chips, at a safe distance from Jean's outstretched arms, and turned into the trail among the maples. There she paused, gave her lover one melting, caressing, but still half-mocking glance, and cried to him:

"I am making a flag for *Mon Rêve*, and it's not *nearly* done yet, Jean."

Then she disappeared among the bright branches.

With a tumult in his heart Jean turned back to his ladder and paint-pot. Little twinges of angry disappointment ran along his nerves, only to be smothered straightway in a flood of passionate tenderness.

"Next voyage, anyway!" he muttered to himself as he worked feverishly. "I couldn't *live* longer than that without her!" And he went over and over in his imagination every detail of the girl's appearance, the changing moods of her radiant dark face, her hair, her hands, the tones of her voice.

Along the trail through the autumn maples, meanwhile, Mademoiselle Barbe was speeding on light feet. The little smile was gone from the corners of her mouth, and into her eyes, now that Jean could no longer see them, was come a great gentleness. Her mockery, her impatiences, her picturesque asperity were a kind of game which she played with herself, to disguise, sometimes even from herself, the greatness and the oversensitiveness of her heart. At this moment she was feeling sore at the nearness of Jean's departure, and was conscious of the pressure of his will urging her to go with him. This she was resolved she would not do; but she was equally resolved that her flag should be ready and go in her place. As for the next voyage—well, she thought to herself that Jean might persuade her by that time, if he tried hard. As to his success she had not really a grain of doubt. She knew well enough the quality of his fibre. Her light feet, as she hurried, made hardly a sound upon the soft mould of the trail, which was half-hidden by the bright autumn carpeting of the leaves. But presently she heard the noise of heavier footfalls approaching. Just ahead of her the trail turned sharply. Peering through the tangle of branches and thinned leafage she caught glimpses of something that caused her face to grow pale, her heart to throb up into her throat; and she stepped behind the thick shelter of a fir-bush to consider what was to be done.

The sight that so disturbed her was in itself no terrible one. A tall, ruddy-faced, keen-eyed man, carelessly dressed, but of erect, military bearing, came striding up the trail, a gun over his arm, a brown dog at his heels. Barbe recognized him at once—the English officer in command of the fort at Annapolis. She saw that he was out for partridges—but she saw, also, that he was walking at a pace that would speedily devour the scant two miles that divided him from the shipyard of *Mon Rêve*. It was evident that he had forgotten his shooting in his interest in this unknown trail upon which he had stumbled. If he went on the game was up for Jean's little ship!

She resolved that he should not go on. It took her just five seconds to decide the whole question. There was a large fallen tree close beside the trail, two or three paces from where she hid. Over this she threw herself discreetly, with a little choking scream, and lay moaning among the leaves beside it.

The Englishman darted forward and was at her side in a moment, bending over her with a mingling of alarm and admiration in his gray eyes.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "what has happened? Are you much hurt?"

Receiving no answer, but more faint moans, he lifted her gently and stood her on her feet; but the instant he released her she collapsed upon the leaves, an appealing but intoxicating confusion of skirts, and slim brown hands, and crinkly dark hair, and the corner of a red mouth, and the glimpse of an ankle.

"Mademoiselle! Tell me what is the matter. Tell me what I can do. Let me do something, I beg of you!" Lifting her again he seated her beside him on the fallen tree; and this time he did not at once release her. At first, her eyes closed and her face a little drawn as with pain, she clung instinctively to his arm, with hands that seemed to him the most maddening that he had ever seen. Then, after several minutes which were very agreeable to him in spite of his anxiety, she appeared to pull herself together with a mighty effort. She moved away from his clasp, sat up straight, and opened upon him great eyes of pain and gratitude.

"Oh, thank you, Monsieur!" she said simply. "I'm afraid I have been very troublesome. But, indeed, I thought I was going to die."

"But what is the matter, Mademoiselle? Tell me, and let me help you."

She sat cringing and setting her teeth hard. He noticed how white were the teeth, how scarlet the full lips.

"It is just my heart," she said. "I was looking through the bushes to see who was coming. Something startled me, I think; and the pain clutched at my heart so I could not breathe; and I fell off."

She paused, to moan a little softly and catch her breath. Before he could say anything she went on.

"It's better now, but it hurts horribly."

"Let me support you, Mademoiselle," he urged with eager courtesy.

But she shrank away from the approaching ministration.

"No, Monsieur, I am better, really. But I must get home as quick as I can." She arose unsteadily.

The Englishman arose at the same time. The next moment Barbe sank back again, biting her lips to keep back a cry.

"Oh," she gasped, "I *can't* stand it! How can I get home?"

"You must let me see you home, Mademoiselle," said the officer, authority blending with palpable enthusiasm in his tones.

"You are so good, Monsieur," she murmured gratefully. "But I could not think of taking you away back so far, almost to the village. It will spoil your afternoon's sport."

The sympathy of the Englishman's face gave way to amusement, and he hastened to assure her of her mistake.

"Not at all, indeed, Mademoiselle. It will be quite as much my pleasure as my duty to see you safely home. Your misfortune—if not too serious—is my great good fortune!"

Thanking him with a look, Barbe arose weakly and took the proffered arm. At first the homeward journey was very slow; but as the afternoon deepened, and the miles gathered between the English commandant and Jean's little ship, the girl began to let herself recover. By this time she felt that there was no danger of her escort leaving her one minute before he was obliged to; and she knew that now, for this night, the ship was safe. At last, as they emerged from the woods into a high pasture-ground, behind the cottage where Barbe lived with her aunt and uncle, the Englishman threw off the gallant for a moment and became the wide-awake officer. He paused, took his bearings carefully, and scrutinized the trail behind him with searching eyes.

"I have not seen this road before, Mademoiselle," he remarked, "and it interests me. It is not down on our map of the Annapolis district. Whither does it lead, may I ask?"

Barbe's heart grew faint within her; but she answered lightly, with a look that somehow conveyed to him the impression that he should not be interested in roads when she was by.

"They haul wood over it, my uncle and his neighbors, in the winter," she answered, "and black mud in summer from the swamp back there."

The Englishman appeared satisfied; but she felt that his curiosity was aroused, and with all her arts she strove to divert his thoughts exclusively to herself. She succeeded in this to a degree that presently began to stir her apprehensiveness, and at her doorway she made her grateful farewells a trifle hurried. But the Englishman would listen to nothing more discouraging than *au revoir*. At last he said:

"I shall be shooting over these woods again to-morrow"—Barbe clutched hard upon the latch and held her breath—"and shall give myself the pleasure of calling to ask after—" but no!" he corrected himself. "You are making me forget, Mademoiselle. I have a council-meeting to fill my day with drudgery to-morrow." (Barbe breathed again at this respite.) "I must deny myself till the day after. I may call then, may I not?"

There was a moment's pause, and in that moment the girl's swift brain made its decision.

"Certainly, Monsieur le Commandant," she said, sweeping his face with a brilliant glance that made his nerves tingle sweetly; "I shall be much honored. My aunt and I will be much honored!" And with a curtsy half mocking, half formal, and a disastrous curving of her scarlet lips, she slipped into the house.

"By—Jove!" muttered the Englishman, as he strode away in a daze.

From the window, behind the bean vines, Barbe watched him go. The instant he was out of sight she darted from the door, sped swiftly over the rough pasture-lot, and disappeared among the twilights of the trail, where the afternoon shadows were already darkening to purple. She ran with the endurance of health and practice and a clean-breathing outdoor life; but presently her breath began to fail, her heart to thump madly against her slim sides. Then—around a bend of the trail came Jean, returning earlier than his wont. With an exclamation of glad surprise he sprang forward to meet her. Still more was his surprise when she caught him by the shoulders with both hands and leaned, gasping and sobbing, against his breast.

After one fierce clasp he held her lightly and tenderly like a child, and anxiously scanned her face.

"What is it, Barbe, beloved? What is the matter?" he questioned eagerly.

"The ship," she panted, "must go! You must go—*to-morrow* night!"

"Why? But it is impossible!" he protested, bewildered. "Mich' won't be here till the day after—and one man can't launch her, and can't sail her, all by himself."

"I tell you, it must be done," she cried imperiously. "You must, you must!" And then, in a few edged words, she explained the situation. "If you can't, all is lost," she concluded, "for they will discover you, and seize the ship, the day after to-morrow. Jean, I would never believe that you had any such word as 'can't.'"

By this time Jean's face was white and his jaw was set.

"Of course," he said quietly, "it will be done somehow. I'm not beaten till I'm dead. But the chances are, Sweet, that after I get the little ship launched I'll run her aground somewhere down the river, and be caught next day like a rat in a barrel. It's ticklish navigating at best, down the river, and one man can't rightly manage even the foresail alone, and steer, in those eddies and twists in the channel. But——"

"But, Jean——" she interrupetd, and then paused, leaning close against him, and looking up at him with eyes that seemed to him to make a brightness in the dark.

"But what, beautiful one?" he questioned, leaning his face over her, and growing suddenly tremulous with a vague, wonderful expectancy.

"*I* can help! Take me!" And she hid her eyes against his rough shirt-sleeve.

For one moment Jean stood tense, moveless, unable to apprehend this sudden realization of his dreams. Then he swung her light figure up into his arms, and covered her face and hair with kisses. With a little smile of content upon her lips she suffered his madness for a while. Then she made him put her down.

"There is no time now to make love to me," she said. "We've so much to do and plan. You've never run away with a ship and a girl before, Jean, and we must make sure you know just how to go about it."

That night Barbe snatched a few hours of sleep, being mindful of the witchery of her eyes. But Jean toiled all night long, driving his yoke of oxen to and fro between his cabin and his shipyard in the forest. And he was not weary. His heart was light as air and sang with every pulse. His strength and his star—he felt them equal to any crisis.

On the following afternoon, when it wanted yet an hour of high tide, and the shadows of the maples were beginning to creep over the yellow chips, all was ready. Full of a wild gayety, and untiring as a boy, Barbe had worked all day, getting the sails bent, the stores on board, the last of block and tackle into place. Suddenly, from a post of vantage in the high-pointing bowsprit, she looked down the trail and clapped her brown hands with a shout of delight.

"Mich' has come!" she cried. And Mich' Masson, striding into the open, threw down a big red bundle on the chips.

"Pretty nigh ready?" he inquired. "Why, what is the matter, *mon gar'*?"

Jean's face had fallen like his heart. There was no longer any necessity of Barbe's sharing his adventure. But he hurried forward and clasped his friend's hand.

"We've got to get away to-night," he stammered, struggling bravely to make his voice sound cheerful. "The

English are coming over here to-morrow to find out what's going on—so it's time for us to be going off! Barbe was to help me through with it."

Mich' held to Jean's hand, and glanced questioningly from his troubled face to the girl's teasing one. But Barbe had burned her bridges and saw no reason to be unmerciful.

"I suppose I'll have to be just crew and cabin-boy now, Mich'," she pouted. "Jean was going to let me be first mate, and there wasn't to be any crew."

A great joy broke over Jean's face, and Mich' removed his gray woolen cap with a sweeping bow. But before either could reply there came from a little way up the trail the excited yapping as of a dog that has treed a partridge. The three looked at each other, their eyes wide with apprehension. Then, the report of a gun.

"The Englishman!" gasped Barbe. "He has not waited. Quick, hide one each side of the trail, and take him prisoner. Don't shoot him. He was kind to me."

Jean snatched up his musket and the two men darted into the bush. By a rope from the bulwarks Barbe swung herself lightly to the ground. In haste she crossed the chip-strewn open, and then, carelessly swinging her hat in her hand, and singing a fitful snatch of song, she sauntered up the trail to meet the intruder.

The trail wound rapidly, so that before she had gone two-score paces the ship was hid from her view. A few steps more and the Englishman came in sight, swinging forward alertly, a fluff of brown feathers dangling from his right hand. He was face to face with Barbe; and the delighted astonishment that came into his eyes was dashed with a faint chill of suspicion.

"How fate favors me, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, doffing his cap. "Gad, you are a brave girl to wander so far into the woods alone!"

"No, Monsieur, fate does not favor you," retorted Barbe with a sort of intimate petulance, holding out her brown fingers. "You had no business coming to-day when you said you were not coming till to-morrow. Now, you are going to find out a secret of mine, which I didn't want any one to find out."

"But you are not angry at seeing me," he protested.

"N-n-o-o!" she answered, her head upon one side in doubt, while she bewildered him with her eyes. "But I'm sorry, in a way! Well, come and I'll show you. Forgive me for lying to you yesterday about this road!"

And she turned to accompany him, walking very close to his side, so that her slim shoulder touched his arm and blurred his sagacity.

The next instant came the sharp order: "Halt! Don't stir, or you're dead!"

The Englishman found himself facing two leveled muskets. At the same moment his own weapon went flying into the underbrush, twitched from his hold by a dexterous catch of Barbe's fingers.

He stood still and very straight, his arms at his sides, eyeing his assailants steadily. His first impulse was to dart upon them with his naked hands; but he saw the well-knit form of Jean, almost his own height, the lean, set face, a certain exultation in the eyes which he read aright; and he saw the shrewd, dark, confident look of Mich', the experienced master of situations. The red mounted slowly to his face, and he turned upon Barbe a look wherein reproach at once gave way to scorn and a kind of shame.

Barbe herself flushed under that look.

"You wrong me, Monsieur!" she cried impetuously. "I did it to save you. You are a brave man, and would have tried to fight, and they would have killed you!"

He bowed stiffly and turned to the men.

"What do you want of me?"

"Your parole!" said Jean. "Give us your word that you will come with us quietly, making no resistance and no effort to escape."

The Englishman shut his lips doggedly.

"Then you must be bound," said Mich' with curt decision. "We've no time to waste."

"Let *me* bind you, Monsieur," said Barbe, taking his wrists gently and putting them behind his back. "It is no dishonor to be captive to a woman."

With a silk scarf from her waist, and a feminine cunning in knots, she quickly tied his hands together so that he felt himself quite hopeless of escape. Then, in a cold wrath, he was led forward, with no constraint but Barbe's touch upon his arm. The ship, high on her stocks, came into view. And he understood.

Seating him upon a log, with his back against a tree, Mich' passed a rope about his waist and made him fast to the trunk. There he sat and chewed his indignation, while his captors went in haste about their work. But presently he grew interested. He saw the blocks knocked out from under the little ship's sides, so that she came down upon the greased ways and slid smoothly into the flood. He saw her checked gradually, by a rope turned once around a tree trunk, so that she was kept from running aground on the opposite side of the Basin. He saw a small boat dragged down from the bushes to the edge of the tide, and oars put into it. By this time he had revolved many aspects of the case in his mind. Then came to him Barbe and Jean.

"Monsieur," said Jean, "I regret to have inconvenienced you in this way. But you would without mercy have wrecked all my hopes. I have put all my means into this little ship, built with my own hands. My heart is set on removing from the land of Acadie, to live once more under my own flag of France. But I do not wish to take you a prisoner to Louisburg, or to put you to any further annoyance. To Mademoiselle Dieudonné you showed yourself yesterday a most kind and courteous gentleman. All Acadie knows you are brave. Give me your word that you will in no way seek to stop or hinder our departure, and let me set you free!"

"Give your parole, Monsieur!" begged Barbe, "or you will have to devote yourself to entertaining me all the way to Louisburg."

The Englishman's face brightened.

"Almost you make me wish to go to Louisburg, Mademoiselle. With the duty you apportion me I should be much happier, I assure you, than here in Annapolis trying to govern your good fellow-countrymen. But I will give my parole. I promise you, sir," and he turned his face to Jean, "that I will not in any way interfere with the departure of you and your ship from Acadie."

"Thank you," said Jean, and he undid the rope and the scarf. The Englishman arose, walked down to the waterside with Barbe, and with elaborate courtesy helped her into the boat. He bent his lips over her hand as he said good-by, and stood bareheaded as the boat rowed out to the ship.

Turning upon him then a laughing face of farewell, Barbe cried:

"Never, never will I pardon you, Monsieur, for consenting to give your parole!"

"Mademoiselle," he answered, "I am your prisoner still, and always."

From the Eighth Story

By E. L. Sabin

FAR up in my castle I sit, and dream
O'er a world of lights below—
The lights of the city, that wink and gleam
In crescent and square and bow.
Somewhere in the midst of the midnight whirl
Engulfed in that wondrous sea,
In cottage or mansion there waits the girl
Whom Fate has reserved for *me*.

My castle is tiny and cheap and bare
(The back of a downtown flat),
But a whole great city is mine, so care
I nothing at all for that.
Tho' seem I prisoner close, inside,
These walls in vain would rise:
My heart is free as the world is wide,
And out of my window flies.

O Sweet—my Sweet—my Little Unknown,
The ledges are rough and steep,
But my heart is eager to find its own
Wherever you wake or sleep.
And some day, out of his castled height
(When our dreams at last come true),
The prince who is writing these lines to-night
Will be led—be led—to *you*.

Ceremonial in the United States Navy

By John Edward Jenks

AN IMPORTANT feature in the etiquette of a nation is the system of honors and distinctions in its navy. There are no more punctilious observers of form and tenet than naval officers. In our own service the courtesies obtaining between naval officers and between our officers and those of foreign navies are included in the instruction of the cadet at Annapolis, while an important part of the naval regulations is the chapter of some 158 paragraphs, in the book which governs the service in all its workings, devoted to "honors and distinctions." Therein every possible event is anticipated, so that the naval officer, under most unusual conditions, may be able to live up to the approved requirements of national and international courtesy.

There are four classes of distinguished personages in whose honor the most elaborate naval demonstration is made. They are the President of the United States, the President of a foreign republic or a foreign Sovereign, a member of a Royal family and an ex-President of the United States. In the event of a visit by any of these people to a war-ship, officers are required to don their "special full dress" uniforms; there is a salute of twenty-one guns on the arrival and another of twenty-one guns on the departure of the visitor; the drums give four ruffles and the bugles sound four flourishes, to be followed by the national air; there is an assembling of the full marine guard, and, except in the case of an ex-President, the picturesque custom of manning the yards is observed. In our latest vessels, those without masts and yards, the crew mans the rail. When the President is the visitor his flag is displayed at the main during the visit; in the case of the others the national flag is shown.

The Vice-President gets practically the same honors, except the salutes, of which he gets but one, which is given on his departure, and is of nineteen guns. An Ambassador of this country, when he visits an American ship within the waters of the country to which he is accredited, receives nineteen guns also, the special mark of difference in his case being that officers appear in "dress" uniform instead of "special full dress," and that a "march" is played instead of the national air. The yards or the rails are not manned for either Vice-President or Ambassador, that demonstration being reserved for Presidents, Sovereigns and Royalty. The Secretary of the Navy receives seventeen guns, a march is played by the band, the officers appear in "special full dress," the full marine guard appears and the Secretary's flag is shown at the main. The Assistant Secretary's visit is marked by the lesser distinction of "dress" uniforms, a fifteen-gun salute, three instead of four ruffles from the drums, and his flag at the main. Identical honors are paid other Cabinet officers.

Envoys Extraordinary, Ministers Resident and Chargés receive practically the same honors, except the diminishing salutes of fifteen, thirteen and eleven guns and three and two ruffles and single ruffle respectively.

Less conspicuous diplomatic officers, such as Consuls-General and Consuls, do not hear the drums and bugles, the uniform of the day is worn, a sergeant's guard does them diminished honor and there is no music from the band. Naval and army officers of high rank, when they make a visit in uniform, are received with "dress" uniform, the full marine guard, a "march" from the band, a seventeen-gun salute in the case of an Admiral and General, a fifteen-gun salute for a Lieutenant-General or a Vice-Admiral, a thirteen-gun salute for a Rear-Admiral and a Major-General, an eleven-gun salute for a Commodore or Brigadier-General, with the national flag at the fore in the case of foreign officers. All other commanding officers simply get a sergeant's guard and four "side boys." Junior commissioned officers get the meagre distinction of two "side boys."

There are many rules governing the exchange of visits afloat. When a ship of war visits a foreign port the senior naval officer sends an officer to the visiting vessel to offer the "customary courtesies." When such a visit is made to one of our vessels in a foreign port an officer is sent to return it at once. Then follow the formal visits of the commanding officers, the junior officers calling first; and, where officers are of equal rank, the visiting officer calling first.

Sometimes, when it is deemed usual or desirable, the wardroom officers of vessels of war exchange visits, and it is this formality which sometimes makes the duty of a naval officer on a ship of foreign service an expensive conventionality. Officers of limited means would find it a positive hardship to remain on a war-ship which cruised in European waters and made frequent calls at ports. Other navies generally provide funds for such entertainment.

There are rules, also, for that imposing ceremonial, the naval funeral. Among the interesting customs of the service are that funeral honors are not paid between sunset and sunrise; six pallbearers, as near the grade of the deceased as possible, are always selected; whatever the grade or rate, the casket is covered with the Union Jack, and in the case of an officer, his chapeau or cap, epaulets and side arms are placed thereon. Volleys are fired for naval or military persons only.

"Do you mean to tell me that any wind can retard the speed of a heavy locomotive and train like this?"

Ian Maclaren in America

By Major James B. Pond

THE Reverend Doctor Watson is a tall, straight, square-shouldered, deep-chested man of middle age, with a large, compact, round and well-balanced head, thinly thatched with brown and grayish hair. His well-moulded, refined features bear the impress of kindly shrewdness, intellectual sagacity and spiritual clearness, tempered, too, with a mingled sense of keen humor and grave dignity. The eyes are open, fine and clear in expression; thoughtful and observant to a controlling degree.

He is sometimes called an Englishman, because he happened to be born in the county of Essex, but he himself says: "I am a pure Highlander. My mother was a Maclaren and came from Loch Tay and spoke the Gaelic tongue. My father was born at Braemar, and Gaelic was the language of my paternal grandfather."

His father was a Free Church elder, and his mother a woman of strong religious character and great spirituality. He is himself a typical Scotch Highlander in appearance, with every movement indicating alertness and force.

His voice is excellent because its tones express the feeling to be conveyed. It is skillfully used, with fine inflections and tonal shadings that give emphasis and delicacy to his delivery. He is not an orator in the usual sense of the word, but he is a speaker who readily holds an audience to the last moment. No one leaves while he speaks, and that is the finest test.

From my very first meeting with him, as he landed at New York from the Germanic, I liked him very much—even more than I had expected. He impressed me at once as elegant, refined and very natural. He was dressed in plain business garb—more like that of a Scotch merchant than a minister—and appeared a simple, delightful man in every sense the word implies. I liked him then; I love him now. With Mrs. Watson—a frail, little body, with black hair and eyes, and very quiet—we drove at once to the hotel, where pleasant rooms were waiting.

Introduction to American Beefsteaks

They lunched with me. I ordered a large double sirloin steak and hashed brown potatoes with cream—just what never fails to catch an Englishman. My guests had never before seen the like. "A monumental steak!" said the Doctor to his wife. "I've heard of your American beefsteaks. The stories have not been overdrawn."

His first lectures were in New England cities, and on the way to New Haven an amusing incident occurred. We were sitting in the drawing-room car, very busily engaged in conversation. It was late at night. The brakeman called out the name of a station, which I did not hear distinctly, but looking at my watch I saw it was a quarter to twelve—the time we were due at New Haven. I jumped up saying, "This is New Haven!" and we all hurried out and the train moved on. The depot did not look familiar and we did not see Professor Fisher's carriage, which we were expecting, to take Doctor and Mrs. Watson to his house, as they were to be his guests while in New Haven. There was no carriage and not a person to be seen.

After some running about I found a policeman and asked him where we were.

"You are in Meriden," said the officer.

"In Meriden!" I exclaimed. "I thought this was New Haven. When does the next train go to New Haven?"

"About six in the morning." I can't describe my feelings. Doctor and Mrs. Watson overheard the conversation and I saw them look at each other and smile. I didn't know what to say, but Doctor Watson said:

"Isn't there a public house where we can get a bedroom?" The policeman pointed out a hotel over the way, where we secured comfortable rooms. I sent a man out to bring in some oysters and sandwiches and we all sat down to our late supper. Doctor Watson was never in better humor; he was full of laughter and apparently amused at my embarrassment. We sat and told stories until after one. I told the Doctor that his taking the blunder so pleasantly had made me feel worse than if he had pitched into me. He bade me good-night, saying: "Major, you may have something worse than this to put up with before you are through with me."

The Real Beginning of His Tour

Ian Maclaren's American tour really began on the evening of October 12, 1896, in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Consumptives' Home, and under the supervision of Mr. S. V. White. Before Doctor Watson went on the stage Deacon White handed me a check for one thousand dollars—the fee for the lecture. The good old minister who introduced Doctor Watson took advantage of the occasion to make a thirty-minute speech. The audience of highly-bred ladies and gentlemen endured it heroically. Almost any other audience in any other city would have given vent to their pent-up feelings and called, "Maclaren, Maclaren!" but they patiently waited. Finally the speaker of the evening was introduced, and for an hour and a half more that audience sat in breathless interest, listening to a man who gave them more delightful pleasure than they ever before enjoyed in that length of time. After the lecture the Hamilton Club gave a reception and supper to Doctor and Mrs. Watson and Doctor and Mrs. Abbott. I saw that there was going to be lively work ahead of us for the next two months.

As the political cauldron was boiling in the States (the first McKinley-Bryan campaign was on) I chose to fill in the early portion of our tour in Canada, and on our way up there we made a stop at Burlington, Vermont. It was the first ride either Doctor or Mrs. Watson had taken in a drawing-room car, and they enjoyed it the more for having a sumptuous compartment all to themselves. The Doctor appeared tired but cheerful. I found him an athletic man with a perfect physique and no fear of being overworked, but Mrs. Watson seemed delicate and hardly fitted for such a rush as we were about entering on.

Later, in Canada, we had a trying experience, for we had to drive four miles, from Principal Grant's home to Kingston Junction, to get our train. It was an uncomfortable ride in a rickety old hack, with the thermometer at zero, and it was one o'clock in the morning. I know that Mrs. Watson and I didn't enjoy it, but the Doctor was as beaming as though he had had a normal night's sleep.

"Jennie," said he, "I guess the boys are not thinking of where we are just now. If we hadn't promised them those bicycles we wouldn't be here." And so he kept the chilly air out by making sunshine at midnight.

The fire had gone out in the stove in the station waiting-room, and all the coal was locked up in the shed outside. The train was forty minutes late. A more unenviable position I never knew than waiting in that cold railroad station. But Ian Maclaren found enjoyment in it.

On his return to the United States his enthusiasm and wonder at Chicago could hardly be expressed.

"Major, these big stories we read about your Chicago and the West are not big stories at all. I have seen thirty miles of parks to-day and I am told that not one of them is over twenty-five years old."

How to Pronounce Ian Maclaren

In one of his lectures he amused his audience by telling of a letter he had received, asking whether the first name of his pseudonym was pronounced Ian, Ean, Yan, Yon, Yane, John, Jan or Jane. "In answer to this question," said Doctor Watson, "I should say that if you want to pronounce it like an Englishman, you will say I-an; if like a Scotchman, Ee-an; and if like a Highlander, Yan."

From Minneapolis to Des Moines the weather was the most disagreeable possible—a cold, sleety rain, which later changed to wind that rose to a gale so severe as to impede the progress of the train. We lost time all day. When the conductor told the Doctor that we were losing time on account of the wind, he exclaimed, "How absurd! Do you mean to tell me that any wind can retard the speed of a heavy locomotive and train like this?" The conductor assured him that nothing else had caused the lateness of the train. He insisted that it was ridiculous, but I have known a gale to lift a locomotive and whole train off the track. Little he knows of the Iowa, Kansas and Texas zephyrs.

The strange old Lyceum in Oberlin, Ohio, is one of the oldest in America. The people of Oberlin gave Ian Maclaren a grand ovation. It was the evening of election day, and some of the early election returns were announced at the lecture. It is a time-honored custom in Oberlin that lectures begin at 6:30 in the evening, and invariably open with prayer.

"I never before met people who would pay an admission fee to hear a long prayer," said the Doctor to me after the lecture.

Doctor Watson brought a wholesome manhood as well as a gracious mind to the work he did, and has left a memory that all who heard him will continue to enjoy. America is richer by his visit and he himself carried away the delight of sympathetic and genial associations.

The MAN at the Lonely Station

By Alvah Milton Kerr

THOUGH it fell more than fifteen years ago, the story is still a live one in Langly Cañon and Sutton's Bowl. As for Harry Pulver, he is likely to whisper of it in the delirium of his last breath. Not because utterance relative to it is his habit, but for the reason that the most moving occurrence of a man's life is prone to recreate itself mentally in his last mortal moment; and, as respects the reception of impressions, Pulver is not likely to know a stronger.

The scene of it lay in a sea of land long ago tossed up and fixed in a chaos of troughs and gigantic billows, a cañon and sunken bowl in that mountain-flow which rolls out of British America and southward across Montana. The cañon and bowl lay above Idaho, measuring in that mighty breadth of tipped and tumbled country as might a crack and dimple seen on the face of the moon.

Pulver himself was of New England stock. His father, an architect of some repute, had sickened with tuberculosis, and, of course, when too late, joined the colony in Colorado. At the end of a year death closed the matter for Pulver, Senior, and the widow and big boy, by one hazard and another, came ultimately to live in Ogden. Here the son got to school for a couple of years, following these with two or three years of desultory employment of varied sorts, ending in some months of study of telegraphy at home and further months as an unpaid "student" at a little station up in Idaho. From this station on the Oregon Short Line, which run is not at all short, young Pulver found himself one cold January day making head for a paid position as night operator at a station in Montana. He had telegraphed his mother, still at Ogden, to meet him at Pocatello and accompany him north to his station. But after the train had brought him through six hours and a wilderness of snow and sage brush and set him down at the Junction, he found she had not arrived. However, a message awaited him saying she would come by the night train, and, after an interview with the chief dispatcher, he boarded the mail for the north and got down at Langly, his station, as the sun was falling blood-hued and sullen among the mountains at the cold day's end.

As he stood on the platform he looked a trifle overgrown, with his hulking, powerful frame and blue-eyed, boyish face. He ran his eye slowly around the horizon, narrow from encroaching mountains, gray-blue, dull, then dropped his glance to the town, a mass of houses jammed into the cañon on the right-hand side of a frozen stream. A short iron bridge hung over the silent creek, and beyond it he saw a crooked street of two-story buildings, and a brick block with "Langly Bank" inscribed across the front.

The air was bitter. Everywhere pedestrians hurried, bitten and spurred by the penetrating frost. Above the town, and up on the sloping shoulders of the ridges to the left, pine forests hung in clouds, black-green and motionless against vast up-sweeping fields of snow. Here and there at some distance his eye lit on gray hills of "tailings" from mines, and down from a slope a thousand feet to the westward came the muffled thunder of a forty-stamp mill running on low-grade ore.

As the train pulled out Pulver started toward the station. Near the door he met Ryder, the agent and day operator. The man's hands were full of mail and express packages, and he stared a moment at the unusual physical abundance of the new operator.

"Come in," he said heartily. Pushing through the door, he glanced at the thermometer hanging against the jamb.

"Twenty-two below freeze," he said; "be thirty by midnight. You'll have to keep the stoves humpin' or you'll freeze to-night."

"I'm used to it," said the young giant cheerfully; "cold weather and cold stations down in Idaho all right."

"Don't doubt it a bit," returned Ryder, throwing down the mail and small packages on the office table. "You can report Number 2 out O. T. if you will. Get y'r hand in; my fingers are about frozen. Dispatcher's call? It's P-C. Our call is L-N. Let her slide."

Pulver sat down, and, with the nervousness of a new beginner, called the dispatcher and rather bunglingly gave the train report. Ryder apparently paid no attention as he sorted over the express bills. "Better tell him y'r here and will be on hand at seven," he grunted, which showed that his trained ear had missed nothing.

Pulver acted on the suggestion. When he had finished the message the dispatcher said: "Must be cold up there; your sending sounds like you were having a chill."

"I'm scart," said Pulver, and both he and Ryder laughed.

"That's Banks; he's always funning somebody," said the latter. "Well, soon as I get these bills entered I'll take you over to the house; night man usually boards with us; hotel's bad place for a man to try to sleep during daytime."

"Thank you. Yes, that's so. I'm expecting my mother up on Number 4 to-night. Perhaps you can't accommodate both of us?"

"Yes, we've got some extra room. Good idea to have your mother come. If you can rent a little house and be by yourselves you'll be sure to get sleep. When I was a night man I used to think I'd go insane sometimes for want of sleep, rooming, as most of the boys have to, at noisy boarding-houses and hotels. Lots of accidents occur because night operators can't sleep during the daytime, and on that account fall asleep at night and let trains go by, and that sort of thing."

"Yes, I don't doubt it."

At seven o'clock Pulver felt responsibility descend upon him, the weighty task of preserving human lives and property. He felt it heavy and, to a degree, fearsome. Ceaseless vigilance must now meet the lurking dangers of the tracks. He promised himself to keep awake, to push back the seductive, crushing drowsiness of night, always keeping a clear mastery of himself.

At eight fifteen a freight went north, with engine laboring against the grade and cold wheels whining around the curves. They stopped at Langly, but an order from the dispatcher, written out by Pulver, took them to Borden, fifteen miles above, for a "wild." In due time the "wild"—an engine pushing the flanger—a car rigged for cutting out and pushing back snow from the inside edge of the rails—tore by Langly, going south; then at ten thirty the down express, with its bustle of passengers; then eleven o'clock; then the cold and brooding silence of the night.

Pulver had the big cannon-stove in the passenger-room, and the smaller one in the office, red hot. The telegraph instruments rattled in fits and starts. By times there was dead silence within. In these still spaces Pulver could hear the icy boards of the station platform pop with the frost, the contracted wires moaning and singing under the eaves of the building, and occasionally a curious lisping click from the stumpy steel bridge that crossed the creek.

Despite his resolution he began to feel drowsy, for he was young. There would arrive no train until two twenty—the Northern Express. A wild ore train was coming down, making for the smelting works at Salt Lake City. He had heard it reported from several stations up the track. The two trains might meet at Langly and the dispatcher need him for orders. He roused himself and got up and went out on the platform for fresh air. He looked upward and abroad as he stood there. Stars glittered wondrously thick in the dark-blue gulf overhead; motes of frost, like floating specks of steel, glinted in the light falling from the window; the town sprawled in a gray jumble along the cañon's base; the smoke from the stack of the stamp mill stood up straight in the still air like a black spire, crumbling slowly at the tip. Lapping over the northern mountains like wavering tongues of flame danced the frayed ends of aurora streamers. Pulver had never seen that sort of thing before. It touched him with awe. All was silent save the muffled thunder of the distant stamps battering in their mortars.

He drew in to the light of the window and glanced at his watch. It was one o'clock. As he turned toward the door a man came swiftly across the bridge, his breath a white smoke about his face, and, crossing the track and platform, pushed into the passenger-room with humped shoulders, wringing hands, and all his spare frame twitching with cold. He hovered almost against the red stove, spreading his hands and gasping in wheezing puffs.

"It's awful!" he asserted. "Everything closed up over town; even the saloons are froze out, and the Marshal's gone home."

Pulver opened the door of the throbbing stove with the poker; the red glow leaped against the stranger's face, showing it thin, purple, shaggy. His eyes looked big and glassy. His shabby clothes began to smoke with the heat, and he drew back, sighing audibly as his nipped and shrunken body drank in the grateful warmth.

"Can I stay in here till morning?" he asked. "I'm out of money, a sort of—of tramp, I s'pose; but I'm not well, and when I get a job there is a—a reason why I can't keep it."

"Certainly," said Pulver in kindly tone; "it's all right; this is a public room."

"I'm an old-time operator," said the man, "but I'm rather on the bum of late; got weak lungs and—and I s'pose I drink too much. But my lung trouble got me into that. Wish I could quit."

"Yes," said Pulver slowly, regarding him with a look of pity, "you ought to brace up and try to be a man again."

"I will be if—if I get a chance."

Pulver entered the office and, glancing through the ticket window, saw the stranger sit down on one of the wooden settees, the back of his frowsy head against the wall, his peaked, scraggy chin in the air. A moment later sleep had lapped him in its delicious fleece.

Near two o'clock the dispatcher called Pulver and gave him an order to hold the south-bound ore train for orders, at the same time issuing an order to the conductor and engineer of the ore train to meet the Northern Express at Langly, instead of at Sutton, twelve miles south. When Pulver had repeated his personal order back to the dispatcher and had received the official "O. K.," he arose to turn the red light against the "wild." As he got out of his chair his face was turned toward the ticket window, and with a gasp and sudden up-flinging of his hands he staggered back almost to the wall. At the opening was a human head, the face masked with a black cloth, from which twin glittering eyes looked out through two round holes, and before which another and more appalling eye looked into Pulver's face—the inky opening in the end of a revolver barrel.

"Don't—don't shoot!" said Pulver. The words were a kind of dry whisper in his throat; his eyes were wide with terror.

"Open the door!" came in low tones from the head.

Pulver leaped to the door, but his fingers were not yet upon the catch of the spring lock when he stopped. A sort of shiver swept him from head to foot. What was he doing? The express safe stood in a corner of the office; there was money in the ticket drawer. Was he going to yield to another without a struggle that which had been placed in his keeping? He stood wavering an instant.

"Open this, will yeh?" growled the voice, now from the outer side of the door.

Pulver looked around for some object that he might lay hold of and use in defense. He stooped toward the iron poker lying by the stove, but as he bent a bullet crashed through a panel of the door, and like the rip of a hot knife cut through his left shoulder.

He straightened up with a gasp of rage, the piece of iron in his hand. He wrenched the door wide and leaped into the passenger-room. The robber was there with revolver leveled. In the instant of their meeting Pulver noted that the man was rather short in stature, but strongly fashioned; that a long coat covered him to the knees, with a fur cap pulled down solidly over his head, and that the black cloth mask blew out from his mouth with sudden, startled breath. The thought had flown through Pulver's mind that this visitor would turn out to be the vagrant operator, but he was in error, for with the moment of Pulver's rush from the door the

Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding, and swept upon the field of ice

tramp rose from crouching behind the stove and leaped upon the back of the intruder, bringing his bony red wrists across the man's throat in a strangling clasp. The robber whirled and flung him off, and whipping the revolver around, fired. In the spurt of flame Pulver saw the tramp's horrified face gleam out, pitted and wrinkled with pain, as, whirling with the shock of the bullet, he rolled against the legs of one of the settees, a crumpled, motionless shape.

Pulver's jaw dropped as he looked at the broken figure. Then his teeth came together with a snap as he turned on the murderer. The barrel of the pistol was almost in his face, but he struck it aside and hurled the robber back, and, rushing in, struck with the iron rod with all his strength.

A bolt of lightning had been hardly more destructive. The man doubled under the blow and sank to the floor.

Pulver sprang back and stood teetering unevenly on the balls of his feet. No thought of the signal that should be turned against the wild ore train touched his mind. He had killed a man! The lights, the walls of the room, the stove, the most familiar things, looked strange. He turned about with heaving bosom and involuntarily ran into the office. As he crossed the threshold, the door leading into the big freight-room opened suddenly and two men met him face to face. As with the first intruder, these two were masked with black face-cloths, and each wore a long coat. They were large men, and the excited glitter of their eyes in the holes of their masks was something grewsome and inhuman. Each held a pistol before him.

Unconsciously Pulver crouched down and backward, his hands quivering before his face, his lips opening with a cry.

"Hand me y'r keys!" demanded the taller of the two men; "shell 'em out quick!" He advanced on Pulver with gleaming eyes and pistol presented.

Had the men been habited in every-day dress, with uncovered faces, it is possible Pulver would have submitted. Appearing monstrous, evil and strange, as they did, he instinctively felt that frenzied impulse to destroy them which one sometimes has when confronted by a poisonous reptile. From his cowering, crouching posture he leaped straight at the man's head. The leveled pistol exploded, but Pulver felt nothing; evidently the weapon was deflected by his swift movement; but the robber's hat and mask came off in Pulver's clutch and his dark head came forward nearly to the floor. To save himself from falling he rushed forward, and Pulver struck madly at the exposed back of his neck as he passed, but missed his aim. Instantly the man righted himself and cocked the pistol, but his companion was pushing in, hoarsely crying: "Don't shoot! Hold y'r fire, Bill! Some of the town folks'll be in here first thing ye know!" In the same breath he clasped Pulver about the body, pinioning the big youth's arms underneath, but with a quick surge the young fellow burst the man's hold and flung him backward against the wall and struck at his eyes with all his might. His fist fell on the intruder's chest like a descending maul and sent a gasping grunt from his lips, but the taller robber had rendered the blow abortive. Catching Pulver about the ankles in the moment of his forward swing, he had jerked the youth's feet back, and Pulver, spinning around, crashed upon the floor. In a twinkling the two men leaped upon him, fairly crushing out his breath.

"Don't kill him, Bill; get the gag in his mouth!" panted the shorter man.

Pulver, dazed and stunned, was trying to struggle. He felt something crushed into his mouth, stifling, terrible. All the blood of his veins seemed boiling up and booming inside his skull. Strangely, in that moment of mental dimness and agony, he thought of his mother hastening toward him on the imperiled express; of the ore "wild" which must soon pass the station going southward to crash into her train; of the dispatcher's order to hold the "wild" until the express should arrive.

In the terror of the thought, in the maddening vision of wreck that swept through his mind, he got up with the two men hanging to him. Together they crashed back and forth across the little room, crushing the chairs, jostling against the stove, hurtling against the walls, with Pulver trying insanely to get to the signal lever. He could not speak for the choking thing tied in place with a knot at the back of his neck that filled his mouth; each of the robbers had him gripped fast by a wrist; he felt his heart would burst.

By times he carried his assailants nearly to the signal lever; his arms seemed being torn from their sockets. If he could but breathe freely! If he could only tell them! As he plunged and struggled the taller man snatched one of the revolvers from the floor. "Don't kill him, Bill; he's got to open the safe!" gulped the other between laboring breaths. "Look out!" Pulver had wrenched his right hand loose and had caught the taller man by the throat, bearing him backward toward the lever, but the pistol-butt suddenly came down upon the young fellow's head, sickening, deadly. Involuntarily they let go of him, and he staggered back and fell in pitiful fashion near the inner partition.

For a moment he lay quivering, his eyes upturned and twitching, then suddenly he grew still and looked straight at the men. The pupils of his eyes were dilated, and, though he stared hard at them, he seemed gazing at something far away. An instant later he bounded up like a steel spring released, and sprung through the door into the freight-room. He went over the boxes and barrels like a flying deer, and burst out upon the platform through the half-opened door at the south end of the great room. His dumfounded assailants plunged after him, but he fled down the track like a melting shadow. In his semi-delirium of mind he recognized and heeded but one thing: up from the south, a dozen miles away, he seemed to see the express rushing toward him like a burning star. He was to meet and stop it.

As he flew along the track he tore the stifling gag from his mouth, and the bitter air came into his throat like ice. At the south end of the switches, an eighth of a mile from the station, he came upon a hand-car standing on the rails. With a cry he stopped abruptly. From somewhere back in the gray darkness came the sound of running feet. He gave the car a push, sprang upon it, and threw his weight upon the handle-bar. The wheels began to burr and hum; the dull blur in his brain faded away, and in its stead came a keen, painful, burning activity of mind, abnormal and strange, for by nature he was big and slow.

This car was the means by which the robbers had come to Langly, he told himself, and the means by which they had hoped to escape. They had stolen it from the section house, probably at Sutton. Some of the sectionmen's tools were still on the car; he felt them under his feet. Suddenly he threw back his head with a cry of joy. The switch and ice-house down at the marge of Sutton Lake! He had remarked them as he came up on the mail. If he could but gain the switch and throw it! With something like madness he poured all his great strength into the wheels, and the car went humming down the long, sinuous grade, through the echoing groove of the cañon.

Up near Langly Station his two pursuers had stopped. Pantingly the shorter one looked up toward the sky. Throbbing up the northern heaven and pulsing into the incomparable dome flowed the filmy, ghostly streamers of the aurora. By times these burned red through all their gauzy webs, again died away pale and flickering, then gushed upward, radiant, indescribable.

"Look at that, Bill!" whispered the one who first saw the vision.

The other looked, and ended the stare with an oath. "It's nothing but Northern Lights," he growled, but his bravado had in it a note of awe. "Let's get the ticket money and skip," he said. "Where do yeh s'pose Jim is? Heard 'im shoot, but seen nothing of 'im since."

"Don't know. Listen! There's a train comin' from the north! Let's get out of this, Bill!" They ran across the tracks, and, entering a road that bordered the ridges, disappeared in the gloom.

Truly a train was coming. Down the main defile, roaring through the silence of the night, came the ore "wild." Inside the station a poor soul was making life's last effort—a supreme struggle to do a deed worthy of man. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the tramp operator was dragging himself toward the signal lever. He had heard the dispatcher's order to Pulver, and now the roar of the approaching train came to his dulling ears. "Brace up and be a man; that's what he said," whispered the crawling figure. A red trail marked his progress. He was almost to the signal when the train burst across the switches, but gripped with mortal injury he tried in vain to lift himself to the lever. Again and again his trembling hands crept up the wall as he lay upon the floor, but each time slipped quivering down, and the "wild" went by, battering and pounding through a billow of clamorous sounds. To the man on the floor its roar was faint and far off, like the dreamy noise of falling waters. "Brace up—and—be—a—man," he breathed, trying to get his stiffening hands above the baseboard of the room; then, closing his fingers as if clutching the lever, he sighed and trembled and fell eternally still.

The engineer of the "wild" pushed back the frosted window of the cab and looked up at the signal as they flew by. The green light was on; the windows of the station were white with frost. He opened the throttle a notch wider, making for the meeting-point with the express at Sutton. He had feared he would find the red light turned against him, but now it was all right; they would reach home and wife and child the quicker at the distant division station! Thus with its crew ignorant of the tragedy and impending catastrophe the night held, the train went pouring down Langly Cañon after Pulver.

Poor fellow! As hard as man ever strove Pulver strove. Above him raced a glimmering storm of stars tangled with waving ribbons of the aurora; by him flashed the whirling walls of the cañon—here snow-covered, bulging masses of stone, there streaked with black torrents of spruce and pine. He heard nothing save the noise of the car and the turmoil of his breath and blood in their labor, but he *felt* the ore train behind him. How soon would it overtake him? How soon would he plunge into the rushing front of the express? Would he be crushed between the trains? The questions were like spurting flames in his brain. He must now be half-way to the switch; it was five miles from Langly. His breath came hoarse and panting; he was dizzy with the swift rise and fall of his head above the working-bar; his throat was dry, and the icy air burned in it like fire. But onward and onward he flew, a disheveled figure, in his breast a tempest of haste.

He did not know surely just where the switch was, and he feared he might pass it, for all things glimmered about him; but it must be ahead, and he still drove down and lifted up the working-bar with all his power, praying God for help. Would the curves and windings of the track never cease? Was there no end? Ah, here it was—the long, black bulk of the ice-house stretching along the shore, and the broad steel-gray mirror of the frozen lake with the reflected aurora dabbling it as with fire! He set his foot hard on the brake, and reversed his push and pull on the bar. As the car stopped he leaped off, and, catching it by the hand-grips, threw the machine around and clear of the rails; then, half insane and laboring for breath, he rushed to the switch.

In a moment he was on his knees in the snow tearing wildly at the lock. How would he get it unfastened? He had no key! From southward came the dull roar of the express, following the long curve of the shore, and down Langly Cañon came the muffled thunder of the hastening ore train. They would crash together before his eyes! From his lips burst a wild prayer, mingling the names of mother and God.

He glanced around at the impassive world imploringly, but the cold stars, the frozen lake, the black torrents of pines on the mountain-sides offered him nothing. Help came from within, or did that thought drop down from beyond the stars? With a cry he bounded over to the half-inverted car, and, raking his fingers through the snow, found a track-wrench. Springing back to the switch he thrust the handle of the wrench through the clutch of the lock and tore the mechanism in pieces. Wrenching the shattered parts away, he pulled the pin and threw his shoulder against the lever. But it would not yield!

Then arrived the moment when he was as one who had ceased to be of mortal strength. A kind of insanity of power came upon him. The siding was covered with snow, the sides of the switch were clogged with frost, yet little by little he drove the lever around, hearing his tendons tear, his joints grind and crack, and seeing all the air grow full of rolling disks of red, while nearer and nearer swept the clamor of steam and wheels from the south, and down Langly Gorge rolled an increasing thunder.

Wildly crushing his breast and shoulders against the lever, he heaved and strained, and struck it great blows with the full weight of his body, crying out gaspingly to his Maker. The express seemed not fifty feet away when the lever came around to the pinhole and he thrust the iron in. Terrible and mighty the engine burst upon him, whirling its string of lighted coaches along the rails. With a deafening crunch of frost, a roar of the whistle for brakes, and the chug and tearing of reversed drivers, the train swept, curving and rocking, upon the siding. There would be no cars there for loading until June; the ice was thirty inches thick; on the morrow men would begin cutting. It was delightful destiny.

Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding and swept upon the field of ice. From the wheels spurted a showering sheet of white; a cloud of steam burst up about the engine from the firebox; then the train stopped, a hundred feet from shore, but as secure as if standing upon a floor of armor-plate.

Passengers and crew swarmed down upon the solid blue field, and there was shouting and dismay. No man could understand it, but a glimmer of the night's tragedy dawned upon the conductor and others when they turned back to the switch and found a young fellow, battered and bleeding, lying insensible at the base of the target. Five hundred feet southward stood the ore "wild."

"Who is he, anyway?" cried the conductor. "Great Scott, what a close call for us!" He was kneeling in the snow and had Pulver's battered head on his breast.

"Let me get to the signal! Throw the red light for the 'wild!'" suddenly shouted Pulver, leaping to his feet.

Despite the strong hands that were upon him he stripped himself loose. Then he stopped and looked around curiously—a wounded, pitiful figure. He saw the passenger train, lighted and glowing, standing out on the aurora-tinted mirror of ice, he heard the ore "wild" backing up to give assistance, then suddenly a little woman came from the crowd and put her arms about him with a tender cry, and gazing down upon her face he said "Mother!" and burst into laughing tears.

THE YOUNG MAN OUT OF BUSINESS HOURS

By Albert J. Beveridge

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I STICK to my belief that you cannot advise any one. Children have been born into the world by the million for at least six thousand years, or if you prefer to take the geologists' big reckoning of time, for perhaps as many millions of years. No matter—the point is the same; and that is, that each one of them has been earnestly advised not to put his fingers in a fire. Nevertheless, each one of them *has* put his fingers in a fire.

You would think that, in the course of ages, this paternal caution and personal experience would come to be an acquired tendency, if we may use scientific expressions in an informal paper. But the advice and experience of the ages are both useless. Each child continues to get burned on his own account—insists on it. And so it appears that advice is futile; but the editor thinks otherwise.

After all, advice cannot be more than a mere recounting of observations. At one of the great official receptions at the White House one night, a group of two or three gentlemen were observing the swirling throng with its ambitions, its jealousies, its flashes of happiness, its numberless and infinitesimal intrigues, its atmosphere of jaded, blasé and defeated expectations. One of the group was, perhaps, the greatest master of that mere political craft and that management of men for the ordinary uses of politics, as we employ the word, that the country has yet produced. He was and is a sage of human nature. It is this quality, combined with many other qualities, and the existence of certain conditions, that has made him the power that he has been and is and will be. From a practical point of view what he says about men is always worth while.

"No, I don't consider him *effective*," said the great politician when asked his opinion of a certain very prominent man in public life, who had just entered, and who was chatting and occasionally laughing with some boisterousness. "Really, he talks too much. Not that he betrays his confidences; not even that he annoys, for what he says is always bright; but—he talks too much; that is all."

"It's a pity," said one of the group who was a famous Washington newspaper correspondent, "that that man has never married."

He was talking of another very strong professional and political man who had reached more than forty years of age and was still a bachelor. "He needs the finer sense and restraining influence of woman in his life."

The remark of the first speaker instantly recalled a remark made several years ago by another very great and very powerful politician in the minor and narrow sense of that word. He was at that time a candidate for the nomination for President, and, according to all the tricks of the game of politics, should have won it; but he failed as, it seems, with two exceptions, all mere politicians have failed in securing the most exalted office in the world—that of President of the United States. This politician seemed to know the leading men in each State and in each part of each State. "How is Mr. ——, of ——, in your State? I hope he is well. He is a keen and persistent man." And he asked concerning three or four. Among them he said: "And Mr. ——, of your State; how is his health? He is very brilliant, yes, even able, but—he drinks too much."

The Most Important Rules of Life

Three generalizations may justly be deduced from the above discursive talk. They are practically the ones with which, for many years, I have been impressed—namely, that that man will be of very little present use, and of no permanent and ultimate value to the world or to himself, who drinks too much, who talks too much, or who thinks he can get along without the ennobling influence of women.

Let us take them one at a time. A young man could hardly do a more fatal thing than to fall into the habit of taking stimulants. This is no temperance lecture, of course. It is merely a summary of suggestions by observing which the young man may avoid a few of the rocks in his necessarily rugged pathway to success. The belief sometimes entertained, that it is necessary to drink in order to impress your sociability upon companions who also drink, is utterly erroneous. One day a dinner was given by one of the great lawyers of this country in honor of another lawyer of distinction, and among those present was a young man of great promise who at that time was considerably in the public eye. The dinner began with a cocktail, and the young man was the only one of the brilliant company who did not drink it. He was not ostentatious in his refusal, but merely lifted the glass to his lips and then set it down with the others. Nor did he take any wine throughout the dinner. The incident was noticed by only a few, and those few chanced to meet at a club the next day. The young man was the sole topic of their conversation.

"Well," said the great lawyer, "a young man who has enough self-restraint to deny himself as that young man did, and who, at the same time, is so scintillating in speech, so genuine and original in thought and so charming in manner, has in him simply tremendous possibilities. I have not been so impressed in a long time as I was by his refraining from drinking."

This incident is related simply to show that a young man loses nothing in the esteem of those who themselves drink by declining to join them.

I repeat, this is no temperance lecture. I know perfectly well that some of the strongest men in business and politics and literary life in this country take wine occasionally at the dinner-table and elsewhere. Nor are they to be condemned for it. But this paper is meant to contain vital suggestions to young men with life's possibilities and difficulties before them. It is so entirely uncertain whether you have the will in you to keep your hands very firmly on the reins of the wild horses of habit. It is so utterly unknown to you whether you may not have inherited from an ancestor, even very remote, an inflammable blood which, once touched by stimulant, is ever after on fire. You risk too much and you risk it needlessly. My earnest advice is not to try it. I will leave to the doctors the description of its effect on nerve and brain, and to common observation the universal testimony to the peculiar blurring of judgment which stimulant of any kind usually produces. Besides, it is a very bad thing for a young man to get a reputation for.

The Growing Tendency to Abstemiousness

And I have concluded, after very careful observation, that there is a mighty change being wrought in this habit, and that a great majority of the young men who are now the masters of affairs are abstainers. In short, drinking will soon be out of style, and very bad form. Consider these illustrations: I know a young man who is thirty-eight years of age and who is practically the head of one of the greatest business institutions in the world. He has worked his way to that position by ability, character and untiring industry from the very humblest position in his company's service. He is a total abstainer. I know another, just forty, who is vice-president of one of the greatest banks in America. When I first knew him, very many years ago, he occupied the position of cashier in a comparatively obscure bank. Merit alone has placed him where he now is. He, too, does not touch stimulants of any kind.

Or, to get out of that class of occupations, one of the most powerful and successful political "bosses" in this country, a man who makes politics his profession, and who, not yet forty, is in control of one of the political machines of one of our great cities, arose to that position by ability alone from the occupation of a street-car driver. He also is a total

abstainer. Nor do any of these three young men smoke or swear.

The entire space of this paper could be taken up with these instances. And the increasing number of them, and the remarks I have quoted of that master of worldly wisdom at the White House reception, and the observation of the great politician about the strong man of his party in another State, fairly justify, I think, a suggestion to young men that as a practical, worldly and business matter they had better use no stimulants, either alcoholic or others, for others are just as bad or worse than the former. Indeed, alcohol and the various forms of wines and other like stimulants have had a disproportionate amount of abuse heaped upon them. Let the young man look out for all kinds of stimulants.

Weariness, exhaustion even, is no excuse. If you are tired, take a rest. If your natural energy is not equal to your task, take a lesser task. There is nothing more melancholy than the spectacle of men, young or old, attempting things out of proportion to themselves. It is hard to gauge what is beyond one's natural powers, it is true. But if you feel the need of stimulant to keep you up to the level of your work, that is at least one unfailing test of your limitations. I must repeat for the third time, that all of this advice—no, let us say suggestion—is made only as a matter of practical help to young men trying to get on in the world.

It is the mere business side of the question at which we are looking now, for it is business itself that is working this change. People do not want a lawyer whose brain is not clear, a doctor, dealing with life and death, whose perceptions are not steady and natural. People refuse to ride on trains hauled by engineers who may be drinking, and so on. It is all a matter of cold-blooded business. The conditions and requirements of modern society are coming to demand greater and greater sobriety from those in responsible places, no matter whether at the head of a party or a railway train. The spiritual phase, the medical view, the moral and social economic sides of the question I would not, under any circumstances, assume to deal with. On all these there are various views, none of which would I undertake to weigh or judge.

Great Value of Reserve in Speech

Politicians are not the only ones who think interminable talk an indication of weakness. I knew a liveryman who was also a great horse trader. Said he: "I shy clear across the road when a tonguey man tries to deal with me."

Of course, reserve in speech, particularly in conversation, is so ancient and favorite a subject of the giver of advice that it is now commonplace. Literature is full of it. Shakespeare nearly reaches the crest of it in the advice Polonius gave to his son. But, here as always, the very climax of authority and practical wisdom is the Bible.

"Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." This is not advice to taciturnity. It is not a suggestion that you should be stolid and wooden in manner and speech. The reason of it is to prevent you from making mistakes or betraying yourself by foolish and unnecessary utterance. My suggestion to young men that they practice reserve in speech is merely a practical and almost a commercial matter.

There is a loss of authority that comes from incessant talking. There is a surrender of dignity, which is one of the most influential things in man's attitude toward and in connection with his fellows. Silence, or rather reserve, gives a kind of emphasis to what you do. To a great many, also, there is an index of your character in the quantity of your speech. It is so refreshing, so influential for one to meet a man from whom you draw the feeling that he is as deep and as full as the seven seas. This will never be drawn from any man whose talk is continuous, no matter if he is an encyclopædia of information and a battery of brilliancy. A man may be as comprehensive and profound as the oceans; the point is, that other men will not easily be made to believe it. His continued sparkle suggests a champagne bottle with its limitations, rather than the illimitable deep. A good deal of this is unjust and comes from the universal egotism of mankind. Most men like to feel themselves both brilliant and copious; and they want you to listen.

There is a suggestion of wisdom in reserve of speech which may be altogether out of proportion to the facts. Many a silent man is as shallow as he is silent—but he may be as deep also; and because he gives no sign as to whether he is deep or shallow, and because his silence offends no one and is not in the way of those who want to talk, he is given credit for profundity. We all know the story of the worn-out, world-tired club man who said he was looking for a man who was really wise, really experienced and really deep. At last he felt that he had found him in another club man—very handsome, especially full of forehead and broad between the eyes, perfectly groomed and silent to the point of stillness. The Searcher-for-a-Wise-Man tried to engage him in conversation on a hundred different subjects. His attempts met with a failure, which made a still deeper impression. At a certain dinner one night where both of these men were guests, the club man arranged to have the silent one sit next to him. But every attempt was still a failure. Nothing more than "Yes" or "No" could be gotten from the deep one. But when shrimps were brought on the supposedly great man colored with pleasure and said: "Hey, shrimps! *Them's* the dandies!"

I do not know whose story this is, but it illustrates my point so well that I appropriate it. In other words, your permanent attitude, your *continuous* impression on the world is one of your assets just as your ability is, just as your character is; and discretion in speech is a matter of great moment as affecting this impression. I use the term *continuous* attitude and impression because it is a small matter what your temporary and transient impression is. If it becomes *necessary*, talk to any extent required, no matter what the temporary impression may be. But it is the stream and continuity of your life of which I am now speaking.

The Influence of Women on Young Men

But the newspaper correspondent said the truest thing of all when he suggested that the really capable and apparently successful lawyer and politician, observed in the passing throng, had made a mistake in not having had the influence of woman in his life. There is positively nothing of such value to young men—yes, and to old men, too—as the chastening and powerful influence for good which women bring into their lives. I should be the last man in the world to suggest that a young man should keep himself "tied to his mother's apron strings," as is the saying of the people, and this is not what I mean when I earnestly suggest that he keep as close to his mother's opinions, teachings and influence as the circumstances of life will permit. The same thing, of course, may be said with reference to a man's wife—even more strongly, if possible. But the conversation and opinion of any good woman are, as a practical matter and a measure of worldly wisdom, simply beyond price. She is wise with that sublimated reason called "woman's instinct."

There is, too, a human quality kept alive and growing in your character by woman's association and influence that, as a matter of business power in meeting the world and its problems, is far and away beyond the value of the craft of the trickiest gamester of affairs and business and politics who ever lived. It is a saying of the farmer folks among whom I was raised that such and such a person "has principle," meaning that the person so described is upright, trustworthy, judicious—that such a person's attitude toward God and man and the world is correct.

Women "have principle" in precisely the sense in which that term is used by the country people. They will keep you true to the order of things—to the constitution of the universe. They will do this, not so much by preaching at you as by the influence of their very personality. The man who has gotten out of touch with womankind is not to be feared. He is to be pitied rather than feared, for he is out of harmony with the world—he is disarmed. No matter how large his mind and great his courage, he is neutralized for all natural, proper-proportioned, and therefore enduring effort.

I know a physician who, still young, has reached the head of his profession in this country. Sundays and the evenings with his wife and children are not enough for him. He takes Wednesdays also. Precisely this same thing is done by the great young captain of finance and affairs whom I described first in this paper as being a total abstainer. This is not done for the rest it gives these men, or, if it is done for that, it is not the greatest benefit they get out of it. They come back to their work with clearer and stronger conceptions of human character and of truth in the abstract and the concrete, with which all men, no matter what their profession or business may be, must deal. They have a new tenderness, a larger tolerance, a broader vision of life and humanity and, therefore, of their business, which is merely a phase of life and affairs.

Confidence in Humanity

This particular suggestion would appear to me to be unnecessary were it not for the fact that I see the increasing number of men who think that their business or profession or career is the important thing, and that in these the influence of woman is not important. They are frightfully wrong who think so, and, since the editor desires the most practical suggestions for young men, I emphasize the practical value of the influence of women. Remember that most great men have been discovered by woman and that nearly all of them have had her for their inspiration.

The value of woman's society on character and intellect is above that of the conversation of the most learned and experienced men. It is the elemental and natural in her that give her a perspective of life and its larger purposes that man alone cannot possibly secure.

The sum of practical wisdom for young men is to keep close to the elemental principles. I think Marcus Aurelius says, in his philosophy, "Let your principles be few and elemental." And here again the Bible puts it even better than this glorious old stoic, directing us "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Above all things, do not lose your confidence in your fellowmen. You are not a very great man if you are not great enough to stand betrayal. You had better have your confidence broken a dozen times a day than to fall into the attitude of universal suspicion. Keep sweet your faith in our common humanity, do not excite your nerves and intellect by intoxicants, keep close to the saving and elevating influence of women, and then—go ahead and work as hard as you please, be as keen as you choose, fight as savagely as you like, and there is no power that can stay your conquest of the world; for the very nature of things themselves and the whole order of the universe are your allies and your servants. Do not get the impression that you are to be *mandlinly* good; oh, no! that is as fatal almost as wickedness.

Editor's Note—This paper, supplementary to the series by Senator Beveridge which has appeared in The Saturday Evening Post during the past few months, is published as a general response to hundreds of letters called forth by his former article, The Young Man and the World.

Ballade of Ecclesiastes

By Carolyn Wells

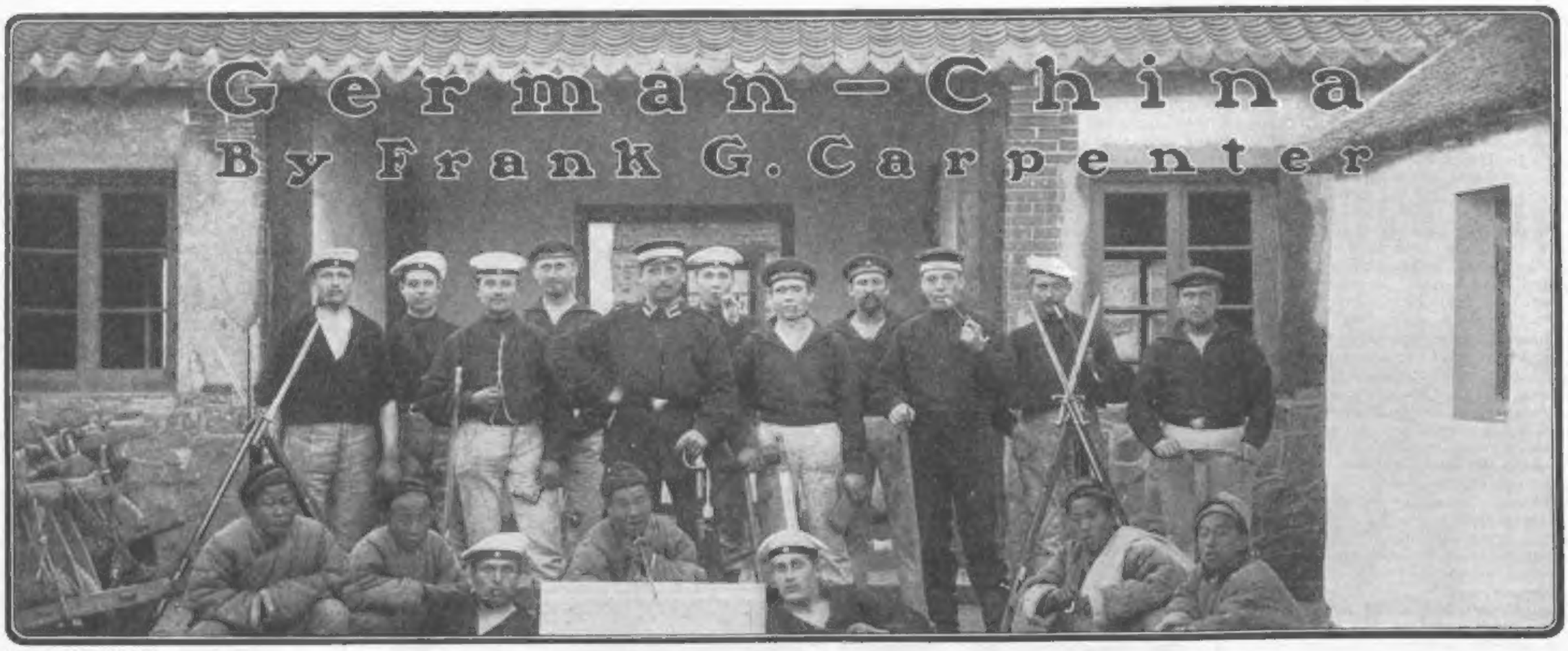
BRAVELY the faithful genius toils for years,
Ambition lures him onward day by day;
At last the fruitage of his work appears,
His friends approve and critics have their say.
Men crown him with the laurel and the bay,
The guerdon of his fame is fairly won;
And has he then performed a wonder? Nay,
"That which is done is that which has been done."

The lover, tossed about 'mid hopes and fears,
To his fair goddess will insanely pray,
And beg her lovely favor when she hears
The sentimental burden of his lay;
And they assert, when she has murmured "Yes,"
Such wondrous love as theirs was known to none;
But lovers have avowed the same alway—
"That which is done is that which has been done."

So, as we follow various careers
Which offer us a choice of grave or gay,
Made up alternately of smiles and tears,
A little work and then a little play;
As through the years we ignorantly stray,
Thinking new enterprises we've begun,
We learn, when life is passing fast away,
"That which is done is that which has been done."

L'ENVOI

Solomon, you are long since turned to clay,
But down the years your words shall ring for aye;
"There is no new thing underneath the sun,
That which is done is that which has been done."



German-China

By Frank G. Carpenter

German soldiers in China

IN THE present crisis in China the Germans are the most aggressive of all the Powers. The Kaiser is acting according to the policy he has followed for some years. This is, to push Germany's interests abroad in every possible way. He lets no opportunity slip to claim territory and trade, and his agents are working China after the same methods which have given Germany the lead in South America, Mexico and Central America. To-day the most active of the merchants at the Chinese treaty ports are Germans, and the most profitable of the import business comes to them. They have doubled in number within the past ten years, while in the same time German imports have more than doubled, and German shipping has increased threefold.

The Germans are doing more than any other nation in developing their territory in China. They are going at it aggressively, and making every stroke tell. They are not only building a city on Kiao-Chow Bay, but they are laying out railroads, preparing to open up mines, and undertaking all sorts of constructive enterprises.

Women of Kiu-Chow

The district, now known as German China, is one which the other nations have sneered at on account of its poverty both of people and trade, but it is a district which promises to be rich and important. It is sandwiched between the Imperial Province of Pe-Chee-Lee, in which Peking and Tien-Tsin are, and the great industrial province of Kiang-Soo, where Shanghai is situated. Pe-Chee-Lee bounds it on the west, and Ho-Nan, a rich coal-bearing state, touches it on the south. More than half the province is wasted by the Gulf of Pe-Chee-Lee and the Yellow Sea; and the Grand Canal, the longest canal of the world, runs through it from north to south, connecting it with the great Yang-tse-Kiang.

It is a big country. The concessions indirectly include the whole of Shan-Toong, a great province, as long from north to south as from Philadelphia to Boston, and as wide from east to west as from Pittsburg to New York. Shan-Toong has an area just about half that of Prussia and has quite as many people; it has more than one-third as many as the whole United States. It is a land of mountains and plains, of all sorts of rich materials, and of enormous agricultural wealth. By the terms of the concession the Germans have only a ninety-nine years' lease of the lands about Kiao-Chow Bay; but there are additional provisions as to railroads, mines and foreign contracts, which practically give them the control of the province. By these provisions the Chinese dare not offer to buy from or sell to foreigners until the Germans have refused their applications. The Germans, in fact, have the first option on all contracts of any kind.

As to the leased territory, or German China proper, this is comparatively small, but the authority over it for the next ninety-nine years is to be absolute. The territory includes Kiao-Chow Bay, which is the natural port for Shan-Toong, and about thirty or more miles of land surrounding it. It extends to the walled city of Chi-Mo, thirty miles northeast of Tsing-Tau, the German settlement on the bay, and to Kiao-Chow City, which is about the same distance northwest across the bay. Kiao-Chow City is hence not inside the concession and it is improper to speak of the German port as Kiao-Chow. The name of the German port is Tsing-Tau (pronounced Tsching-dow); this is the name by which it is designated in all the German documents.

The city of Tsing-Tau will probably be one of the greatest commercial centres of the far East. It is growing faster than any city of the United States. Millions of marks have been spent upon it within the last year, and hundreds of millions more will be spent in the near future. Three years ago it was a second-class port for Chinese junks; its inhabitants were poor fishermen, and it was of no use to the commerce of the East. Now it is the centre of German enterprise in China, and one of the most interesting places in the Asiatic world. It is a city of electric lights, telephones and waterworks, a city of wide streets, big houses, fine hotels and government offices. Many of the streets have been blasted out of the solid rock, an esplanade has been built along the seashore, and good roads already extend out into the country.

An Alert and Active Government

Many of the improvements are being made by the Government and many by private parties. The Government is spending an enormous amount on the harbor, and when completed it will be one of the best of the far East. Kiao-Chow Bay is somewhat the shape of a long-handled squash with a very fat body. It is twenty miles long from east to west and about the same distance from north to south. It has a small entrance, and it is on the north side of this that Tsing-Tau is situated. The larger part of the German territory is along the eastern or upper side of the bay.

Five small streams flow into the bay, but none are navigable. Almost dry during the greater part of the year, in the rainy season of July and September they bring down so much sandy sediment that more than half the bay is filled with mud flats and sand banks, rendering a close approach to the land impossible. The best of the deep water is at the southeastern end of the bay and off the little cape on which Tsing-Tau is being built. The Germans have their dredges at work taking away the mud flats and sand banks to deepen the harbor. They are extending the deep water so that within a short time it will be large enough to float all the ships of the Pacific. They are building a sea-wall out from the city to protect the harbor from the north winds. This wall is to cost eighty million marks, or twenty million dollars. The work upon it is being rapidly pushed. A narrow-gauge railroad has been built to granite quarries three miles away, and the stone is brought down in steam construction trains.

Among other harbor improvements are piers and dry-docks. One stone and iron pier was built here by Li Hung Chang about seven years ago, when he expected to make a military and naval station at Kiao-Chow. Since then four other piers have been built, of which three are on the north side of the cape for use in the permanent harbor.

The new German dry-docks will be among the largest of the far East and equipped with everything for the repair of the biggest vessels. The Germans object to paying the people of other nationalities for work they can do themselves. One of them in speaking of these docks recently said to me: "We take a great deal of satisfaction in building works of this nature. The Kiao-Chow docks will make us independent of the English dry-docks at Shanghai and Hongkong, to which we have been paying toll for years. One of our gunboats went into the Hongkong dock last year for repairs. We propose that such money shall go to Germans in the future."

This feeling exists as to the private as well as the public enterprises of Tsing-Tau and Shan-Toong. German capital alone is to be employed for all development, and about the only outsiders taken into the various schemes will be the Chinese, if indeed they can be called outsiders. Manufactories are already springing up, and electricity is doing much of the work. There is an electric power sawmill, which was erected two years ago, and which now saws and planes most of the lumber used in the city and in the various public works. The lumber comes from the United States, the greater part being Oregon pine. Then there is an electric power granite quarry which has a trolley line connecting it with the new breakwater. This company uses electric drills, and has all the latest improvements in stone working. There are two machine shops which turn out the ordinary work in wrought and cast iron, and two large brick works, one of which has a capacity of twenty thousand bricks a day.

Tsing-Tau has several modern hotels. One is named after Prince Henry, being called the Prinz Heinrich. It is a brick hotel, with a capacity for eighty guests; it has a billiard-room, a library and a reading-room, electric lights and all modern improvements. Another hotel, called The New Hotel, is almost finished. It will accommodate one hundred guests. There is also a club house for recreation at the foot of the mountains near Tsing-Tau, the Germans believing that they will make this region the summer resort of the far East.

German Newspapers in China

An interesting feature of Tsing Tau is its newspapers. It has already three, all weeklies. The largest is the Deutsch Asiatische Warte, published entirely in German, which is now going through its second year. It is an eight-page paper of about the shape and size of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is neatly gotten up and is well patronized by the advertisers. The Amtsblatt was started a few weeks ago in the hope that it would have both a German and Chinese circulation; it is published in both languages. The third newspaper is the Kiautschou-pau, printed in Chinese and containing mainly secular news, although published by the Roman Catholic mission.

There are numerous business firms in the new town, all the large German houses of China having their representatives there. Some are exporters and importers, others steamship agents and others government contractors. The German Asiatic Bank, one of the strongest financial institutions of East Asia, has established a branch house at Tsing Tau, and several syndicates with large capital, which have concessions for building railroads and opening mines, have their headquarters there.

The chief of these is the Shan-Toong Railroad Company, which has a concession for a road to Wei-Hsien, a walled city of great commercial importance, one hundred and ten miles northwest of Tsing Tau. Various branches will run to coal mines. The capital of this corporation is about twelve million dollars. It has already laid the rails for about fifteen miles of track and has the road bed ready for the rails for some sixty miles more. The road is being well built, but it labors under a disadvantage in being forced to get all its supplies from Germany. It is using iron ties and steel bridges. It has the same gauge as our roads, and its rails are of the American pattern. This road will open up the great coal regions back of Kiao Chow and will probably start manufacturing industries in different parts of Shan-Toong.

Another big syndicate is the Shan-Toong Mining Company, which owns coal mines near Wei-Hsien, about one hundred miles to the westward; there is also a German-Chinese syndicate which is operating coal mines one hundred and eighty miles southwest of Tsung-Tau, and there are other important grants which will be taken up and worked as soon as the railroads are completed.

What the Railroads Will Do

These railroads will make Tsing-Tau the great coal port of East Asia. At present the most of the steaming coal of the West Pacific comes either from Nagasaki, Japan, or the Kai-Ping mines in North China. The Nagasaki coal-beds run down under the sea, some of the mines already have fifty miles of tunnels under the ocean. The rapid consumption of this coal is alarming the Japanese Government, and it is considering the advisability of limiting the sale of Japanese coal to Japanese vessels. The Kai-Ping mines lie along the Tien Tsin-Shan Hai-kwan Railroad about one hundred miles from Tien Tsin. They are the only large coal mines in China commercially worked, their output being from 1500 to 2000 tons a day. They are connected by railroad with the sea at Tong Koo. They have their own steamers and during the summer they ship coal up and down the coast of China. In the winter the port of Tong Koo is frozen up, and their only outlet is shut off. Kiao Chow Bay is always free from ice, and the largest steamers will be able to visit Tsing-Tau the year round.

The coal regions of Shan-Toong are known to be large, but their exact extent will not be known until a careful geological survey has been made. This the Germans have already begun and it will be extended until the whole province is investigated. Not only coal, but iron, silver, copper and other minerals have been discovered. There are gold mines now being worked and diamonds of considerable size are found. The province contains great beds of sheet mica and valuable deposits of asbestos. It is, in fact, one of the richest mineral regions of Asia, and its development will make it one of the most prosperous instead of one of the poorest parts of the Chinese Empire.

To-day the most important of the coal regions begin about fifty miles back from Kiao Chow Bay. There and near Wei-Hsien and Po-Shan the mines have long been operated by the Chinese, but the cost of working and transportation is so great that the use of the coal by the common people away from the mines is prohibitive. Coal which costs $2.25 a ton at the mines sells for $7.40 a ton less than one hundred miles away. The freight to Kiao-Chow, a distance of seventy miles, is six dollars a ton.

Why Freight Rates are High in China

The coal is carried over the country on the backs of mules and donkeys, in carts and on wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrow is Shan-Toong's chief coal cart. It is a heavy, rude, monocycle with a wheel coming up through the centre of the bed, which consists of shelves on each side of the wheel; the freight is carried in baskets or in bags on the shelves. Such barrows are pushed and pulled by men. Not infrequently a donkey is hitched to the front of the barrow, thus aiding the human animal who, between the handles, is pushing the load along the rough road.

A street in Tsing-Tau

The mining methods are fully as rude. The coal lies near the surface and, so far, only the surface coal has been mined. A mine seldom extends down more than two hundred feet, for at that depth the water rushes in and, as the miners have no adequate pumps, it must be abandoned. The coal is dug out with picks. It is put into rawhide sacks and carried to the surface up ladders on the backs of men. About a picul, or 133 pounds, is a load for a man. The wages are low. Miners receive from one half a cent to less than one cent an hour, or from six to ten cents for twelve hours' work. They work seven days a week and expect holidays only at New Year's.

Such wages give one an idea of the poverty of the people of Shan-Toong. They are among the poorest of the Chinese and their province is one of the most crowded. It contains more than thirty millions, of whom fully nine tenths are farmers. Much of the country is mountainous, and there is little more than one acre of cultivated land per inhabitant. Many of the farmers are in debt, and some pay an interest rate of twenty-two per cent. The usual rent for land is about $4.50 an acre, and at this the farmers can make nothing, although they raise two crops of grain each year.

The chief products are wheat, Indian corn, millet, peanuts, sorghum, beans and sweet potatoes. The average wheat crop is not more than ten bushels an acre, although the wheat is cultivated with the hoe and carefully cared for. A great deal of Indian corn is eaten, and our consul at Chee Foo believes that an enormous market for American corn might be created.

The poverty of the people has been increased by the lack of cheap transportation. There are so few good roads that the greater part of the interior has no outlet to the seaports. The officials take a percentage of all that passes them, so that all possible profit is eaten up by freight and commissions.

The influence of the Germans upon the condition of the people is already apparent. Indeed it is said Shan-Toong would have had a famine last year had it not been for the money spent by them. The crops were short, and thousands would have been without food, and without the money to buy cotton wadding for their winter clothing had they not been paid for work on the improvements. Since the Germans have opened up the country thousands of artisans and coolies have been employed, and the millions they have received as wages have been so scattered that a demand for foreign goods has already been created. Cotton yarn and cotton cloth are now coming in by the steamers, and a large amount of American coal oil is now in use. The prices of native products, such as raw silk, straw braid and food stuffs, are rising, and the people begin to appreciate that better times are at hand.

The Shan-Toongese are far different from the Chinese of the United States. Our Chinese come chiefly from about Canton, in South China, where the men are smaller and less rough than the Shan-Toongese. Indeed, the two people differ as much as do the Swedes and the Italians. The Shan-Toongese are big-boned and strong-limbed. They have to fight hard for life, and they show it. They are rough in manner, and excitable and superstitious.

The Shan-Toongese are a religious people. They respect good morals; and largely owing to their poverty, have not been affected by the opium curse, as have the people of richer regions of the empire.

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Running the World Without Coal

REPORTS continue to come from the Paris Exposition that a cheap and convenient means has been devised for separating common air into its component gases so that the oxygen may be burned to create light and heat. We are not told what becomes of the nitrogen, nor is it likely that many of us would retain the information were it imparted to us, for some facts are large enough to obscure all smaller ones in their vicinity, and the getting of light, heat and power from the air, if it is a fact, is one of them.

The "decomposer" of air for lighting is said to be so small in proportion to the service done by it that one no larger than an egg will light a room brilliantly for hours; hitherto this effect has required the consumption of a cubic foot of coal or a quart of oil or a lot of naphtha, or some other of the ill-smelling things that are used by the gas companies. If electric lights were used the cost would be as great as that of gas. With cost of light as a standard of comparison it would seem that the householder's outlay for heating and cooking is to be reduced to almost nothing, and that in time the family coal-hod will become as great a curiosity as the helmet of the mediæval soldier. The source of fuel, instead of being in widely separated forests and mines, will be within reach anywhere and everywhere, so battleships and cruisers will no longer be "tied to a coal-heap," all steamers of the mercantile marine can be fast yet not lessen their freight capacity by setting aside hundreds of cubic yards of space for coal bunkers, and locomotives will never be obliged to slow or stop to "coal up." There will be no showers of cinders and coal dust through the windows and ventilators of railway cars, nor will manufacturers befog the air and besmirch the faces of women and shirt fronts of men with sooty flakes from chimneys. There will be no dread of hard winters.

Indeed, the economic revolution that must follow the substitution of air for coal in the generating of heat for commercial purposes will be too great for general comprehension; only trained statisticians and financiers can estimate its magnitude, and even these are likely to do some colossal blundering in the course of their calculations. But one fact within the grasp of the feeblest mind is that if coal is to make way for a substitute there can be no more coal-mine explosions, with their attendant horrors, to sicken millions of hearts throughout the country. Also within the general understanding is a fact almost as cheering, without coal or the demand for coal there can be no more miners' strikes, to take food from the mouths of women and children, array class against class, and stimulate the latent meanness and brutality of both classes, give demagogues a chance to make money and political capital out of the conflicting interests while widening the breach between them, and lessening respect for human nature in all spectators of the contest. So radical a change cannot be made without some friction. miners will be obliged to find new ways of earning their livelihood, but they are quite competent to do it, for they are a healthy, courageous, enduring lot, and while they look for a new start in life they will be sustained by the joyous knowledge that the "operators," too, will be out of a job and without the possibility of finding any thing so profitable as coal-mining.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

One of the worst things about some trusts is that they pay good salaries, and thus make friends for their wicked selves.

The Significance of Our Flag

"I MIGHT love that Flag more if I saw it less," a good American said recently. He was offended by the frequency with which our national banner is flaunted from every schoolhouse and every public building, to say nothing of many private houses. The American use of the Flag is peculiar. In no other country is a parallel to be seen to this lavish display. The first thirteen years of my life were spent under the British Government, and in that time I saw the Union Jack but twice, and then at the head of recruiting parties during the Crimean War. When I saw America on the Glorious Fourth, I wondered at the display of patriotic bunting quite as much as at the glorious persistence of noise, dear to a boy's heart. And when the Civil War came, the city seemed to have put off its ordinary colors, and to have become red, white and blue.

There is much, however, to be said for the American abundance of the Flag. It is a sacrament of the national life—an outward and visible sign of the inward grace of nationality. The Nation is an unseen thing, making itself outwardly visible through such symbols. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you," some one quoted to Frederick Maurice. "Yes, and so is the kingdom of England," he answered. So is the American republic. But it naturally seeks expression in symbols, and the Flag, with us, takes the place of many symbols which are possessed by other countries, but not by us. Kingship is a symbol with which we dispense, although the disposition to fuss over our Presidents personally has grown of late years, and is essentially a monarchical tendency.

In most countries, soldiers and public edifices, and every official except those of the municipalities, represent the Nation. With us, this is reversed. The public officials, buildings and troops are commonly those of the State in which we live, and for the State we now feel only a modified and limited patriotism. For twenty years no body of United States troops was seen in my city, and when they did appear, in dirty and travel-worn uniforms, the popular interest in them far outran anything we had felt in our State militia.

The Flag stands for the Nation. It is the symbol of the bond which unites the whole country, from Alaska to Florida, from Campobello Island to the Golden Gate. It stands for that historic past whose life we share through participation in the life of the Nation. It identifies each of us with the whole American people, near and far, past and present, and even yet to come. Its forms are not things of beauty, for the straight line is not the line of beauty. But they have a historic sense which more than compensates for their lack of grace.

It speaks of the past, when the thirteen feeble Colonies arrayed themselves against the first empire of the world, and made the unlucky number forever fortunate. It speaks of the present, when the handful of corn on the tops of the mountain has grown to be a forest like the cedars of Lebanon. It tells us of triumph, of growth, of unity in willing submission to the lawful authority of a free government. Let it wave in the daily sight of every American citizen, for its significance is as inexhaustible as it is broadly democratic.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

The critic has his place, but it is a mighty small one compared with the big wide world that belongs to men who do things.

The American Superlative

"THE love of beauty," wrote Emerson, "is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams or uses the superlative degree or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight."

"The thing which impresses me most in my own country is the constant use of the superlative degree," said a woman, recently returning from a long sojourn abroad. "I did not notice it in Great Britain nor on the Continent, but here I hear about the highest building, the best-selling novel, the paper with the largest circulation, the most eloquent preacher, the youngest college graduate, the oldest inhabitant, the fastest horse and the most palatial yacht, till I feel like asking if there are no degrees but the superlative. The steamer which brought me over had to break the record for speed.

"I have been staying for a few days in the town where I was born and bred, and there I found the superlative degree rampant. The people voted a Morris chair to the most popular Sunday-school superintendent, a ring to the prettiest girl and a dictionary to the most popular school teacher. Perhaps by this time they are giving a silver cup to the child who has taken the most ———'s food.

"Recently I met a young man who had been the speaker in the Legislature of a Western State. He was introduced to me as the youngest ex-speaker in the United States. I felt like asking what I was expected to do about it. I had never seen any work on etiquette telling one how to acknowledge an introduction to the youngest ex-speaker in the United States.

"Within the last few months we have seen portraits of the youngest college president in the country. A friend told me that she had been looking up the history of the kindergarten in this country, and she had discovered that at least three women had been the first to import it from Germany.

"If I could find a place where people are simply good or bad, young or old, rich or poor, I would invest in real estate and spend my days there!" And my friend put her hands over her ears, as the train boy came through the car shouting: "Blank's chocolates are the best. Take no others."

—ADELAIDE L. ROUSE.

The Evil of Big Thefts

A THIEF who takes trust funds or risks the breaking of a bank is the very worst kind of a thief, and should be so treated. His crime is far reaching in its effects and in its influence. It may ruin hundreds of innocent people. It may point the primrose path of crime to many a youth. By the side of a smug hypocrite who takes his hundreds of thousands, the burglar who, to get a watch or a hundred dollars, takes his life in his hands and faces twenty years in jail, is a model of chivalry.

Certain and severe punishment alone can check the tremendous evil of banking thefts. We hear much cant about such thieves, and about how "their own feelings are their greatest punishment." That is nonsense, except in rare cases. It is only the being found out that hurts; it is not the sense of guilt.

But, if the bank officer could know that, in case he should steal, he would face a term of twenty years—there would be little stealing. If he could feel sure that his friends could not get him pardoned—there would be little stealing. If he could know that he would be looked upon as a thief, and not as an unfortunate speculator—there would be little stealing.

In a recent case the big thief's lawyer actually asked the committing magistrate to spare his client the humiliation of a public appearance."

"He needs to be humiliated," said the magistrate. Till that magistrate's feeling becomes widespread there will be no change.

It is, of course, a pity that punishment is ever necessary; it is a pity that kind words to a wife beater, good advice to a highwayman, Christian appeals to a murderer, compassion toward the thief who steals a million, will not work out regeneration. And, so long as we have prisons, and criminals inside of them, we should not jail the little criminals and allow freedom to the big ones.

So long as the bank thief is pitied and petted; so long as some penitentiaries have a "Bankers' Row," where the cells are finely furnished and rich meals are sent in; so long as it is possible to plan the glorification of a bank thief by sending him to his prison in a private car; so long as, if a conviction is really secured, only a short sentence is imposed and a pardon is expected to follow in a brief time, trust funds will continue to be embezzled and banks to be wrecked.

—ROBERT SHACKLETON.

A man who has no faith in his fellow-men ought not to be too sure of his own shadow.

The Novelists and the Stage

IN THIS last year of the century when the stage is borrowing most of its plots and plays of the popular novelists, it is simple justice that literature should get a few things in return from the stage. Some of the book plays are absolute failures, some are hanging fire, and some are getting along. But the general average is helpful to the morality of the drama. The serious part of it all is the part that literature has reached in the business of the stage. Whether or not it will measure up to its destiny is quite another matter, but just at present we are in the midst of literature turned into drama.

There is good advertising in all this connection; and the authors like it even better than the actors, who resent certain limitations which all novelists have to place upon their characters—not their own characters, of course, but the characters of their characters. The results of announcements and bill boards and lithographs undoubtedly help to sell books, and in this as well as in the direct profits the author finds his satisfaction and solution.

There is and there always will be an irretrievable distance between the novel and the play. The two are as distinct as two separate things can possibly be, and any effort to make one serve for the other, although it may be a temporary sensation, ultimately fails. This has been so often proven in literature and in the drama that the modern illustrations of it simply show that history repeats itself. The play that will make good permanent literature has been rare since Shakespeare's day; but the novel that will make a good play has been much rarer.

At the same time the contact of literature with the stage seems to have had its effect, especially upon the feminine portion of the profession. In the newspapers of one week recently there was exploited the engagement of a popular writer who would not consent to be married until her new novel was finished, in spite of the numerous portraits of herself and pictures of her home which accompanied the text.

Another case was even more remarkable. The young lady had written a novel which some parents would not like in their homes, and it was announced to the extent of many columns that she was suffering from nervous prostration because of the cruel remarks of the reviewers, and it was declared that it did not help her nerves to know that one of the royalties of Europe had been so anxious to read her romance that he had ordered proof-sheets of it.

All this, of course, is going the loss of diamonds and other unpossessed property a few points better, and it shows that the stage will have to move even more rapidly than its furious pace in the past to keep up with the writers who want to sell their books on sensational and gratuitous publicity.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

There is little hope in this age for the man who talks too much.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

How Churchill Got His Liberty

Of Winston Churchill, the famous young English M. P and war correspondent, a rather good story of the time when he was a prisoner of war in Pretoria is being told in the London clubs

In common with many of the other British prisoners he was allowed to borrow books from the State Library, which contained many excellent works. One of the first books which he obtained was Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great In a very short time he had read through the whole of the half dozen volumes

He then asked for and received an English edition of Mills On Liberty. Within a few days of receiving the book he succeeded in escaping from Pretoria

When the Boer jailers came to search the quarters of the vanished captive they found the book, with its suggestive title of On Liberty. Now, the book was printed in English, and, unfortunately, the Boer librarians were not very well acquainted with that language. They understood the meaning of the title, but, try as they would, could make very little of the contents.

However, the fact that this was the last book which Churchill read before his disappearance seemed to them a very suspicious circumstance. From its title they judged that it must have aided him to escape They decided that it would be unwise to lend it to any other Britishers, and from that time any English officer who desired to study Mills' famous work and applied to the library for it was suspiciously refused

Mr Churchill, who, by the way, will soon come to America became quite as well known to the British public through the Boer war as any of the Generals at the head of the armies

He Never Saw Heffelfinger Play

"Pudge" Heffelfinger was one of the most popular football players that Yale ever produced As long as he played football he was an idol, and received enough homage to turn a less level head than his proved to be. At present he is living quietly at his home in Minneapolis and is in business with his father, a well known shoe manufacturer of that city. And one subject he seldom discusses is football

This story is told of a New York girl who visited Minneapolis several years ago. At a dinner she found herself seated by a big, broad-shouldered young man whose name she had not caught. As he was big, looked muscular, and did not touch wine, she divined that athletics would be likely to interest him

"Do you play football?" she asked accordingly

"Not now," he answered with some embarrassment, apparently. She thought him shy

"But you have played?" she querried encouragingly

"Yes—some," he replied.

"You look as if you might play very well. These Western colleges turn out some very fine players," she continued, a trifle patronizingly.

"The best in the world!" he responded emphatically

"Oh—hardly that! Of course they don't compare with the Yale and Harvard players." She thought it a trifle provincial of him to put his Western colleges above Yale and Harvard. "Have you ever seen one of the Yale-Harvard games?" she continued

"Yes, I have seen Yale and Harvard play," he admitted

"I never miss a game if I can help it," the girl rattled on, "but I don't enjoy them as I used to when Heffelfinger played. Did you ever see him play?

He looked thoughtful for a moment. "No," he answered

"Well, you don't know what you've missed! If you really care for football you ought to see Heffelfinger play!"

"I'm afraid I never shall," said the young man regretfully

Evidently he's not a real football enthusiast or he'd show more interest in the subject," the girl thought to herself, and was about to begin on some other topic when a man across the table accosted the big, broad-shouldered young man beside her

"Pudge," he said, "are you going to coach any this winter for the Minnesota team?"

"No; not this year," answered the young man. A premonitory shiver went over the girl.

"Was it Pudge he called you?" she demanded breathlessly of the broad shouldered young man. She recalled a vague memory that Heffelfinger was a Western man

"Yes, it was Pudge," he had to admit

"And your other name?" she asked, her face a brilliant scarlet

"Heffelfinger," was the apologetic reply

Sir Thomas Lipton as a Concert Star

Sir Thomas J. Lipton, who has again issued his challenge to American yachtsmen and will once more compete for the Cup, is now an extremely wealthy man, but has had a varied career. Years ago he was in America as a poor man, and was at one time a street car driver in New Orleans. He hadn't a dollar to his name when he went to work for the street railroad company. He only drove his car one month. At the end of that time the employees went out on a strike. Two of the strikers jumped on Lipton's car one afternoon

"Are you with us?" one of them asked
"Who are you?" inquired Lipton
"We're a committee from the strikers

And Tom Lipton—he was known as plain Tom in those days—had to hunt a new job. A little after that he was going from house to house obtaining orders for a crayon portrait concern. In the evenings he generally amused himself by playing on his violin. He owned a pretty good violin—one he had brought over from Scotland with him—and he loved it above any of his few earthly possessions

He became acquainted with a merchant in New Orleans who was fond of music, and nearly every night Lipton went to the merchant's shop and played the old Scotch airs he so loved. One night when Lipton was on his way to the shop he heard the clanging of fire bells and saw the people running in the street. He turned the corner and discovered that his friend's shop was in flames. The violin was in the shop

Lipton dashed through the fire lines and reached the place. The building was all in a blaze, but the front door was open. Without an instant's hesitation he rushed into the store, made his way through the stifling, blinding smoke to where his precious violin lay in its case at the back of the building, picked it up and staggered back to the door again As he rushed out into the street a big policeman caught him by the collar

"It's my property," gasped Lipton

"Oh, it is? Well, you come along with me."

So Lipton was detained until the proprietor of the store could be found, but all the time he hung on tight to his violin

When Lipton left New Orleans he had just eighteen dollars He went to New York and obtained employment on the Anchor Line steamer which was scheduled to sail the next day. On the trip across the Atlantic Lipton amused himself in off hours by playing his violin. He played so well that he attracted the attention of the passengers, and the big Scotchman was the principal performer one night at a concert in the saloon

Mrs. Iselin, Yachtswoman

An American woman who will watch the coming yacht races with most ardent enthusiasm is Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, the wife of the managing owner of the Columbia, the yacht that defeated Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock in the races of 1899

Mrs. Iselin is not only one of the most admired society beauties of New York, but a most enthusiastic yachtswoman. She sailed on the winning yacht in the races that last won the Cup, and her presence on the yacht added greatly to the enthusiasm of the crew. Dressed in a gown of dark blue with white trimmings, and with a sailor hat, she sat in the companionway of the yacht, where she could see everything hear every order, and watch the shifting fortunes of each race, and yet not be in the way of the sailors or where the great swinging boom could strike her.

She may not take a personal part in the next races, but there will be no more keenly interested spectator. Her home is on the shore of Long Island Sound, not far from New York City, and from her windows she can see the sail dotted waves of that paradise of yachtsmen

She watched every detail of the construction of the Columbia from start to finish; she knew how every plank was laid and what were the exact use and proper position of every bit of canvas. Then, when the yacht was launched, it was she who christened it. She understands the practical sailing of a yacht, as well as its construction. She was married to Mr. Iselin in 1894, and before her marriage was Miss Hope Goddard

Her husband and she have been abroad a great deal since the successful races, and from time to time stories have come back of their entertaining and being entertained by many of their friends on the other side of the water, and of their having leased a magnificent furnished villa at Dinard

General Serrell's Romance

The marriage at a New York hotel a few weeks ago of General Edward W Serrell, on what was supposed to be his death bed, and his gallant rally after the ceremony, united to make a romantic episode

General Serrell, well known on account of his army record and also as a civil engineer, was engaged to be married to Miss Marion C Roorbach, of Staten Island, and when he was taken ill and was expected to die it was decided that the marriage should at once take place

"Death shall not cheat me of my bride," said he, but no sooner was the ceremony over than he began to grow stronger

It was at the siege of Charleston, under General Gillmore, that General Serrell, then a Colonel, performed the feat that made him most famous

Morris Island commanded the city, but that part of the island that was controlled by the Federal forces was nothing but a mass of swamp and bog and mire and bayou. If a battery could be planted there it was realized that the results would be of high importance.

Officers were consulted in regard to placing a battery there, and several were assigned to the task, but none began it. It was looked on as something impossible to be accomplished

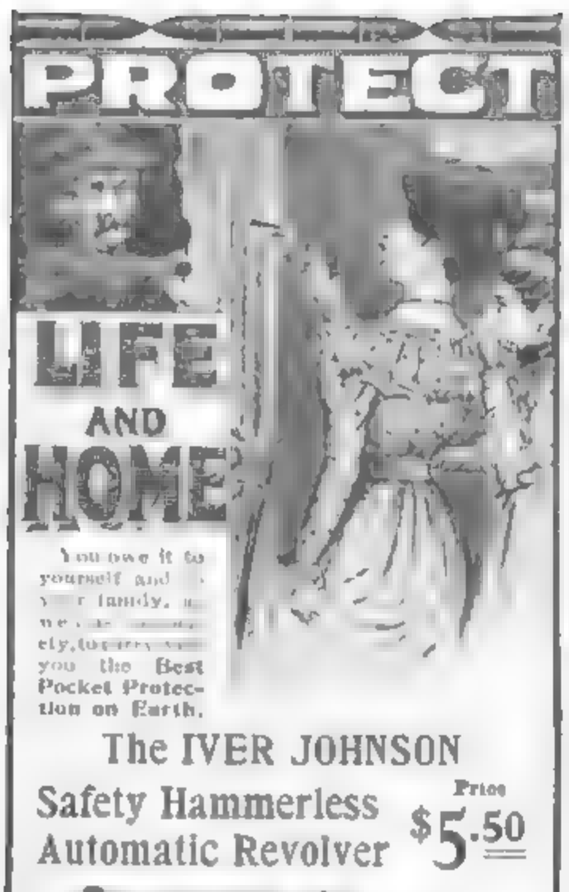
Then Colonel Serrell was told to go ahead and plant a siege-gun. "All right, sir," was his only response.

At the place Colonel Serrell selected the swamp was fully twenty feet in depth, but a great number of logs were floated to the spot, and piles were driven down through the mud

A gun was next floated to the spot, one dark night, and mounted; and then the "Swamp Angel" began to speak

A war time story told that one of the officers detailed to the work before Colonel Serrell was chosen was ordered to make a requisition for whatever he needed in the work

"I shall require one hundred men, each twenty-five feet in height, to work in a swamp twenty feet in depth," he wrote.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SPAIN is coming proudly out of the valley of humiliation. There is every indication that she is stronger and more vigorous than before the war with the United States, and that her future holds more of success, of honor, of material wealth, of national progress than would have been hers had the war not taken place. In commerce, in manufactures, in agriculture she is already giving distinct promise of improvement.

There are national differences as there are individual differences. Some nations flourish on what would be injurious to others. England gains strength from her foreign possessions, but Spain wore out her strength on hers.

The wealth, the energy heretofore wasted on the—to Spain—impossible task of governing Cuba and the Philippines will now be expended at home.

Increase of Spanish Trade

Highly instructive is the comparison of Spanish trade with America before and since the interruption caused by the recent war. Naturally, a considerable prejudice exists against this country with at least a portion of the Spanish people, and a large part of the trade that, without the existence of this feeling, would come to us goes to other countries. In spite of this, however, the statistics show a largely increasing volume of American trade.

For the fiscal year of 1897, the last preceding the war, our exports to Spain were valued at $10,912,745. For the fiscal year of 1900 our exports to Spain were $13,399,680—an increase of $2,486,935.

In 1897 we imported from Spain goods valued at $3,631,973. In 1900 we imported from Spain goods valued at $5,950,047—an increase of $2,318,074; this being an increase of about sixty-five per cent. with a people of whom we had so recently made successful war.

There is a breadth of Spanish character shown in this; a courageous magnanimity, a willingness to ignore the past and think only of the future, that are worthy of all honor.

What We Send to Spain

The largest single item among our exports to Spain is raw cotton, but we send there many things besides. We send mineral oil and breadstuffs, we send oils, paints and colors, we send wire and machinery.

Of cotton alone we sent, in 1900, 121,846,155 pounds, valued at about $9,000,000.

From that warm climated land we import large quantities of almonds and raisins, of olive oil and wine, of pepper and lavender.

From Gijon, an active manufacturing town, comes the news that a wealthy tanner of the place realizes that the tanneries of Spain, in order to compete with those of France, of Germany and of Italy, must be equipped with American machinery and secure the services of American experts.

The Building of Railways

We have space for description of the development in only a few things. The life of any modern country depends largely on railroads, and of these Spain has in operation over eight thousand miles. This means more for Spain than the same mileage would for other countries of equal size, for not only has an intense degree of devotion to old time habits had to be overcome, but the physical conformation of the country is such as to make railroad building very expensive.

Madrid, in the very centre of the country, is but 2149 feet above sea level, but between that city and the seaports are mountain ranges that compel steep grades and long detours. Tunnels are frequent and there are many bridges and embankments.

Still, even in once unprogressive Spain, and since the American war, some hundreds of miles of railway have been built and concessions have been granted for hundreds of miles more. And these improvements, it is interesting to notice, are mostly in the coal and iron regions.

Spain and Spaniards are poor, and the way in which they are welcoming foreigners with capital is another sign of progress. In the past, a narrow minded spirit would have barred foreigners, or at least would have only grudgingly admitted them on unfavorable terms, but the Spain of to-day is making them welcome. Thus far, it is from Great Britain and from the Continent that most of the capitalists have come, but no doubt Americans would be welcomed also.

Beet-Sugar and Trolleys

While she held Cuba, Spain imported cane sugar to advantage, but from this source of supply she found herself cut off. Already she is turning this loss into advantage. With an energy worthy of the virile West, she has begun to sow extensive acreages with beet and to erect factories for the manufacture of beet sugar.

The sudden growth of this industry has caused an increased demand for fertilizers, and much of these are imported from abroad. Within the past year nearly 100,000 tons of sulphates, superphosphates and nitrates were imported into Valencia alone, and chiefly from Great Britain.

From Valencia come also other cheering reports of Spanish progress. A tramway system, with some twenty-five miles of trackage, which has been partly operated by horse power and partly by steam, is being electrically equipped, and a considerable portion of it is already under operation with the overhead trolley. The new cars are of Spanish build, and the electrical outfit and new rails are from Belgium.

An American company has just secured control of another Spanish system with twelve miles of trackage, and will operate the road with an American electric plant.

Nor are these the most curious signs of Spain's new development. The Spaniards are demanding American phonographs! It is from Malaga (name with delightful association) that the news comes. The Malagans are highly pleased with phonographs, and it is reported that a large trade in them would surely follow if a somewhat prohibitive tariff on such new-fangled inventions could be repealed.

Spain must look to her minerals for her greatest prosperity, and in mineral wealth she is richer than any other country of Europe.

A quarter of a century ago Spain exported but 400 tons of copper. In 1890 she exported 46,000 tons. Now her annual exportation is 1,000,000 tons.

There are vast fields of iron ore, of coal, of lead. Bilbao, where in the past were made fine sword-blades of world wide fame, is now the principal seat of the Spanish iron and smelting industries. In ten of the districts of Spain there is antimony; in five arsenic; in three asphalt, in nine mercury; in eight sulphur; in twenty eight there are copper and nickel; in thirty there is iron ore.

There are mines of lignite and of manganese. There are marbles of the finest quality and the most beautiful colors. There is silver and silver lead. There is zinc.

A Repressive System of Tolls

There exists at present a system which a liberal government of advanced ideas will undoubtedly change—a system of taxes on the passage to and fro of passengers and on the carrying of produce. A lack of revenue has caused the infliction of such tolls, but Spain will undoubtedly see the wisdom of making changes in this regard.

There is at the seaports a lack of proper facilities for the handling of freight and for the transfers from ships to railway cars, but plans have already been formulated for making extensive improvements at some of the ports, and this lack of facilities will doubtless soon be done away with. Spain, newly rousing into modern life, cannot do everything at once.

New Promise for the Future

As was ordered by the Spanish Government a few weeks ago, official time is to be regulated by the time of Greenwich Observatory, and the hours are to be computed from one to twenty-four—from midnight to midnight. The importance of this innovation does not lie in the value or otherwise of the new way of computing time, but in its showing that the Spaniard is welcoming new ideas.

Thus a new promise opens for Spain. The war with America was good for her.

When Spain, in centuries past, was most glorious to outward appearance, she was essentially weak. She was the better off for losing Peru and Mexico and Holland. She will now be better off for having turned over Cuba and the Philippines to a people capable of handling them.

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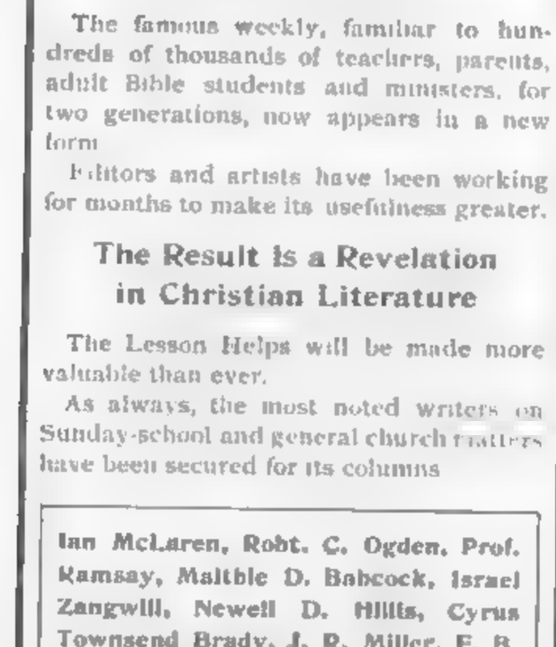

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Reasons for Belief in the Value of Exercise and Athletics

By J. William White

John Rhea Barton Professor of Surgery, University of Pennsylvania

IT IS constantly forgotten by those who are lukewarm adherents, or actual opponents of athletics, that education of the body is always education of the mind, and, not infrequently, of the spirit. It was not alone or even chiefly by reason of the strength and the vigor of endurance of their men and their women that Sparta first, and then all Greece, assumed a commanding and for years an impregnable position among the nations of antiquity. It was because in acquiring those qualities it was imperatively necessary to cultivate the kindred ones of [illegible], cleanliness, self-restraint, temperance, moderation and regularity in all things—necessary to observe scrupulously all the rules of health as they were then understood. In other words, then as now the cultivation of the muscular power for certain purposes, even though the latter were in themselves trivial, brought not only strength but health, and not only health but increased intellectual vigor and activity, and augmented moral power.

This association between physical, intellectual and moral strength is a natural one, unchangeable in its essential principles, though subject, of course, to individual exception, and quite as applicable to our own community to-day as to that of any Grecian village two thousand years ago. It furnishes one of the strongest arguments for the assertion that we have, in the widespread diffusion of physical culture, one of the most potent factors at our command, even in these days of progressive sanitary science, for increasing the average of public health and longevity, diminishing disease, both by prevention and by cure, augmenting the world's power for work by adding to the usefulness and activity of the individual, and promoting indirectly at the same time the material prosperity, the happiness, and even the morality of the race.

The two most common arguments urged by well-meaning people against athletics, or "physical culture," using the terms as synonymous, are:

First. That the assiduous cultivation of bodily strength is not compatible with a proper degree of attention to the mental faculties.

Second. That athletics are frequently, or perhaps even usually, hurtful and productive of disease.

The first of these objections, that of the opposition between physical and mental development, is as old as Plato, who, recognizing the evils as well as the benefits of athletics, described some of the athletes of his time as "sleeping away their lives"; or as Galen, who speaks of both Greek and Roman athletes as "heavy and stupid." Their words applied, however, then, as they would apply now in many instances, to the man who gave up his life exclusively to the cultivation of his body, neglecting all mental discipline or acquirements. It may be admitted at once that in that sense, and with such people, athletics are far from exerting a beneficial influence; nor is it probable that they ever contribute to the avoidance of disease or the promotion of longevity unless the requirements of the mind are recognized as of more than equal importance with those of the body. We must not be misled, however, into believing the exception to be the type of the class. There may be such instances of mental or moral deterioration favored and fostered by athletics as are dramatically portrayed in the novel of Man and Wife, by Wilkie Collins, one of the leaders in the crusade against the so-called abuse of physical training. There are unquestionably instances of men who from the start were incapable of high intellectual cultivation, but who are endowed with, or have acquired, enormous bodily strength, without at the same time developing the virtues which have been described as more or less closely associated with, and brought out by, physical culture. But, though we may have occasional Geoffrey Delamaynes among gentlemen, and will never be without the Bill Sykes type among brutes, the records of art, of literature, of science show an intimate association between brain power and bodily vigor, which is of itself sufficient answer to all such hasty generalization.

Famous Examples in History

Samson, though he seems to have lacked discretion, was a judge in Israel. Pompey was the equal of any soldier in his command in feats of strength. Sallust says of him: "*Cum alacribus saltu, cum velocibus cursu, cum validis certabat.*" Cæsar was naturally of a delicate constitution, suffering from severe headaches and probably epileptic, but by continual exercise he became an athlete, "admirable in all manly sports," and surpassed by none in enduring the fatigues and hardships of a military life. Lycurgus not only laid down the law which for five hundred years made Lacedæmon the chief city of Greece, but was able to outrun all the mob who persecuted him and forced him to seek refuge in a sanctuary. Cicero is described by Plutarch as at one time thin, weak and dyspeptic, but as having been so strengthened by gymnastic exercises at Athens as to have become robust and vigorous. Coriolanus' successes were attributed by his enemies to his strength of body, he having so exercised and inured himself to all sorts of activity that he "combined the lightness of a racer with an extraordinary weight in close seizures and wrestlings." Alcibiades, according to Herodotus, became master of the Athenians, in spite of his excesses, by reason of his "force of eloquence, grace of person and strength of body"; and from the same authority we learn that Alexander had unusual endurance. Themistocles, Socrates and Plato excelled in gymnastic exercises; Sertorius swam the Rhone in full armor; Marcellus was "of a strong body". Pelopidas "delighted in exercise"; Marius never missed a day on the Campus Martius, Cato "maintained his character and persisted in his exercise to the very last"; and even the mythological heroes—Theseus, Romulus and Remus—are accredited with "strength of body and bravery equal to the quickness and force of their understanding."

Numberless instances might be adduced in the records of ancient and mediæval history, which, whatever their authenticity, serve to show the close relation believed by the chroniclers of those days to exist between great physical strength and the intellectual powers which lead men to positions of command.

Athletic Leaders Lead in Intellect

This was, of course, due in part to the preëminence of physical force and of personal achievements in those ages; but in our own time we find that many of the most successful men in the various learned professions, in literature and in statesmanship have been lifelong devotees of some form of athletics, or have at least in their younger days taken prominent part among the athletes of their schools or colleges. Doctor Morgan, in his excellent work on University Oars, calls attention to the fact that of the one hundred and forty-seven Cambridge men who constituted the crews between 1829 and 1869, twenty-eight per cent bore off honors in more important contests than those of the river, taking in some cases the very highest academical distinctions, and proving, according to Doctor Morgan, that mind and muscle, provided only they be judiciously guided, are not unequal yokefellows, but are well able to work together with reciprocal advantage. Among the aquatic champions whom he mentions were three bishops, two judges, one learned and world-renowned historian, and

Editor's Note—Professor White's first paper on Exercise and Athletics appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of November 24

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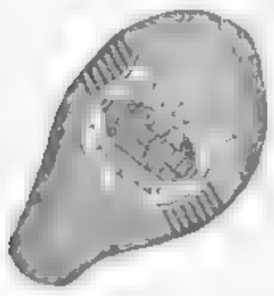

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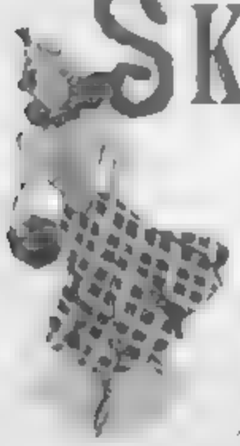

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many others filling posts of honor and intellectual distinction. The general average of class men at Oxford was about thirty per cent., while among cricketers it rose to forty-two, and among rowing men to forty five per cent

At the present day the average age reached by those who attain their majority is fifty. In a list of five hundred of the greatest men in history, prepared not to show their longevity, but in order to determine at what time of life men do their best work, it was found that the average age at death was about sixty-two years. Madden, in his curious work on the Infirmities of Genius, gives a list of two hundred and forty illustrious names, with their ages at death, the average being about sixty six years

We see thus that, on the one hand, many of the great men of the past have been noted not only for their mental but for their physical power as well; and that, on the other, in the development of their bodies, the time given to athletics and to exercise tended to produce at once increased tenure of life and the highest and best intellectual capacity

Here again, were it desirable, example might be indefinitely multiplied It is easy to recall that Sir Walter Scott was unusually robust and physically active until overtaken by fatal disease; that Burns in his youth was an athlete of no mean prowess; that Byron, despite his deformity, excelled in feats of strength, and that he prided himself as much upon having swum the Hellespont as upon having written Childe Harold, that Dickens considered himself at a great intellectual disadvantage if compelled to forego his daily ten mile walk at four miles an hour, regardless of weather; that George Sand preferred to work far into the night so that she might have some hours of daylight for her walks in the country; that Goethe swam, skated, rode and was passionately fond of all forms of exercise, that Humboldt prepared himself for his explorations by systematic exercise to the point of fatigue; that Leonardo da Vinci was a devoted equestrian; that Wordsworth was an indefatigable pedestrian; that Kant allowed nothing to interfere with his daily afternoon walk; that Gladstone lost no opportunity for out of door exercise; that Bismarck all his life was fond of sport and exercise, and as indefatigable in their pursuit as in his diplomatic work; and that among living authors, orators and statesmen we have many equally conspicuous examples of the same great truth

The Relation Between Brain and Brawn

This association of exercise with intellectual power may not seem so difficult to understand if it is remembered that modern science has apparently shown that there is even closer relation between brain and muscle than was hitherto suspected even by the most earnest believer in exercise.

It is asserted now that "there is no brain stimulus except that which comes through muscles." It is certain that when muscles cannot for any reason act from early youth the corresponding brain area does not develop. Each nerve cell is now supposed to have a special function; to do only its own work and respond only to the stimulus originating in the muscle with which its nerve fibre is connected. Every action of the nervous system without exception expends itself in its turn in muscular action

The coarser lower nerve cells are associated with the corresponding muscular movements—like walking—and develop earliest. Even a congenital idiot or imbecile can usually walk. The cells associated with motions requiring precision of movement, rapid muscular contraction, accuracy in employing separate muscles or groups of muscles, develop later and in exact proportion to the demand for them. If this demand is not made until the organism is too mature and the developmental period has passed, the result, so far as the brain centres are concerned, is less complete, though the general bodily effect may be satisfactory

The easily noticed difference in mental power between the plowman or the day laborer and the skilled artisan is often—perhaps almost always—the result, not the cause, of their avocations. The relation of these facts to the principles governing educational systems is obvious, but its full consideration would carry me beyond the limitations of this paper

In my opinion exercise is beneficial in proportion to what Hamerton calls the "faith" in exercise—the firm conviction of its value and necessity which makes one go out in all weathers, or take time under all circumstances for the discipline and hardening of the body, even leaving for that purpose the most urgent intellectual labors. When we hear that William Cullen Bryant, a most remarkable example of the preservation of undiminished mental and physical vigor to advanced years, attributed this to a habit formed in early life of devoting the first hour or two after leaving his bed in the morning to "moderate gymnastic exercise," his allowance of which he had not reduced "the width of a thumb-nail" in his eighty fourth year, when we read that Mr. Gladstone, on the morning that he introduced his Home Rule bill, while all England, indeed the whole world, was to be his audience in a few hours, and while the fate of great parties and of an entire race was involved in his presentment of his case, "spent an hour at exercise, after which he bathed and ate a light breakfast—we must acknowledge that exercise has something to commend it to thoughtful attention

I believe that as a rule it does not receive this attention to the degree it merits, either from my profession, from parents or guardians, or from the governing bodies of educational institutions. Physicians and surgeons too often advise it in a merely perfunctory manner, and, their real indifference being reflected in the conduct of the patient, turn to drugs to stimulate skin, or kidneys, or heart, or lungs—work infinitely better done by exercise

The generally accepted axiom of to-day, that too much food is one of the most notable factors in causing fatal disease, is in the majority of cases, relative to the amount of food relatively to the amount of exercise. Less food, even in the absence of exercise, would save many lives; the same amount of food with abundant exercise would save many more; but the most useful text from which to preach to modern communities would be "much less food and much more exercise."

The most practical application of all this which can be made in a nation where compulsory military service does not exist is in relation to the thousands of undergraduates, who, at a period of life when either the greatest good or the greatest harm may most easily be wrought, are under control of the boards of the various colleges and universities

A Summary of Vital Suggestions

If I were suddenly invested with supreme power, say as Dictator of Physical Culture in all Educational Institutions, my first pronunciamento would consist of a series of propositions somewhat as follows

Whereas: From time immemorial until now, health and strength have depended on a sufficiency of sunlight, oxygen, food and exercise

And whereas: Circumstances have deprived the human race of nineteen-twentieths of the sunlight, and three-fourths of the oxygen to which our forebears for myriads of years were accustomed, have reduced the necessity for exercise for the purpose of the mere maintenance of life to one thousandth of that formerly needed, and have made food so easily procurable that much more is eaten than is required for the repair of waste, additional strain being thus thrown on the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, blood vessels, skin and brain.

And whereas: Associated circumstances make the present demands upon the nervous system (which should be understood to include the mind and the morals) far greater than in times past, both during the educational period and in after life;

And whereas: In the former period, extending from childhood to early adult life, must, if ever, be laid the foundation of the health and strength without which later effective work becomes impossible

And whereas, No thinking or observant educator who has been so situated as to know of the personal life of large numbers of boys and of young men can fail to be convinced of the value of strenuous physical endeavor in aiding them to avoid various pitfalls which beset the steps of youth and adolescence—as well as of more advanced age

And whereas: It is certain that exercise is the most important therapeutic agency at the command of the physician of to-day in the acquirement and preservation of health, that it can be prescribed on as rational a basis, with as distinct reference to the correction of existing troubles or the prevention of threatened ones, as any of the drugs of the pharmacopœia, that it increases not only the muscular strength and general vitality, but also the activity and vigor of the brain, that it augments incalculably the working power of the individual, and that it enables him by means of the health and strength which it

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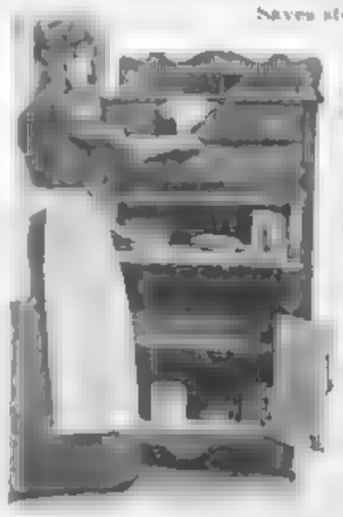

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(2) That at other times the same period shall be spent in a well-lighted, well-ventilated gymnasium (which shall adjoin the athletic field, and without which no educational institution shall be regarded as fitted to discharge its functions), carrying out a graded and systematized series of exercises.

(3) That all such sports and exercises shall be adapted to the needs of the individual, so that, for example, the student who is inclined to be pigeon-breasted or flat-chested, or who has an inheritance of pulmonary disease, can be directed first to the upright, then to the parallel bars; the boy with weak and poorly developed legs can be sent to the rowing machine or to the river; the boy with flabby muscles and excess of fat can be put on the running track or in the sparring room; and that all proper advice shall at the same time be given as to diet, clothing and general hygiene with reference to existing defects or probable inheritance.

(4) That all competitive sports shall be encouraged, as one of the most important factors in securing outdoor exercise for the greatest possible number of young men; it being recognized that some collateral evils are diminishing, and that such as exist are more than counterbalanced by the good effects of these sports on body, mind and morals.

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In the list of foods there are now all kinds of canned and evaporated fruits, canned vegetables, fish and meats, four varieties of soup, four varieties of crackers, and three varieties of white sugar. There are all kinds of spices and seasonings, sauces and jellies, among which are four varieties of pickles and two varieties of table sauce. There are four brands of cigars and four varieties of smoking tobacco, with other smoking articles and supplies. Sometimes these varieties do not meet all the demands of the army and additional kinds are provided, but there is a limit placed on certain articles, and the department does not provide more than ten varieties of cigars (none costing more than six dollars per hundred, or twelve dollars in the open market), six varieties of pickles or crackers, and five of smoking tobacco or soup.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

IT IS getting to be many a year since Mr. Stockton struck an exhaustless mother-vein of fun, and still the ore holds out; each new story yields well, and each new book is a pleasure to mankind. Fortunately these Stocktonized products appear to gratify the author as much as they gratify everybody else, and so it happens that he restrains all yearnings for the tragic or erotic muse, and contents himself with honest fooling. In Afield and Afloat *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, as in earlier books, are the never tiresome misadventures of every-day folks. The more obvious the characters, the more wayward their mischances. It almost makes each one of us feel as if something unusual might at any moment happen to him. The Smiths, the Joneses and the Robinsons in Mr. Stockton's stories are surrounded by an atmosphere of untoward but yet delightful possibility; but there are no broken heads, hearts or reputations to strain our sensibilities. The desire is strong in each one's heart that something strange or even periculous may befall him. There was never yet a respectable commuter plying to and from his dull city office and his duller sleeping place in the trivial suburbs who did not secretly long for adventures. He envies his neighbor, a man of great repute, who on one great white night was "held up" with the attendant loss of his watch, three teeth and a twenty-dollar bill. Stevenson is right; we must have the uncertainties, the aleatory happenings of life, to make it pass at all, else we become eventless and generally lost.

It is unnecessary to particularize the merits of each story in this new volume; they have the old flavor—sweet, entertaining and toothsome as a russet apple. I am sensible of a certain delicacy in praising anything so manifestly good. To say that Mr. Stockton is again the parent of a book is to say enough.

—*Lindsay Swift.*

Mr. Bangs' Idiot at Home

"The genial gentleman who occasionally imbibed had not wholly reformed, but, as the Idiot put it, had developed into one who occasionally did *not* imbibe."

There is a good sample of Mr. Bangs' humor, and it occurs in The Idiot At Home *(Harper & Brothers)*, his latest contribution to The Bangs Library of Wholesome Fiction in Innumerable Volumes: To be Issued Every Six Months. It is one of those jokes that you smile at, and then it strikes in deeper and you smile again, and at last you laugh and say:

"How ingenious!" For it is not all on the surface, and indeed it is perhaps more correct to call it wit than humor.

At any rate it is an example of Mr. Bangs' verbal felicity. Of a different nature and lying entirely in the domain of humor is the Idiot's suggestion that if people owe calls too long they be dunned for them—that is, a bill should be sent them made out as follows:

November 1, 1898

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dawkins,

To Mr. and Mrs. Idiot, *Dr.*

September 20	Evening Call, Account overdue. Please remit.	1

Equally ingenious is the Idiot's plan for foiling burglars by placing a locked but empty safe in a conspicuous place in the house. The burglar spends valuable hours opening it, finds nothing as a reward for his arduous labor, and goes away in disgust.

Many a housewife who has scented her house up with inutile camphor balls will read the following with delight:

"I am told that there are such things as camphor-balls," observed the poet.

"There are," said the Idiot; "and I truly think that the moth enjoys them as much as a young girl enjoys a military ball. Whenever we give a camphor-ball the moths attend."

The crying literary need of the day, as witnessed in Unleavened Bread, Deacon Bradbury, and many other books, is for condensation, and Mr. Bangs could have boiled his book down to its advantage. The Idiot at Home is not equal in merit or brevity to his earlier Coffee and Repartee, but, taken chapter by chapter, it furnishes good-natured, wholesome humor, with no suggestion of coarseness and with a strong undercurrent of common-sense running so swiftly through it that it may not be perceived by some. But it is there nevertheless, and while the book will not enhance Mr. Bangs' reputation it would make the reputation of a new humorist.

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

Where Mr. Pinero Gets His Names

Mr. Pinero is noted, even in this day when playwrights and novelists fight hard for originality in nomenclature, for the striking and admirable names which he invents for his characters. The play which Mr. John Hare brings to America this year is a good example. The Gay Lord Quex is exactly what the character should be called, and many people wondered how Mr. Pinero hit upon so unusual a name. But the explanation is fairly simple, being only a question of local geography. The little seaside town of Westgate-on-Sea is where Mr. Pinero does most of his work; near by is Birchington, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti died and where he is buried; and a couple of miles inland, in a bit of forest land set in the open, rolling country of the Isle of Thanet, is Quex Manor. The family of Quex had no title, so although there may have been many a gay Mr. Quex, there was never a gay Lord Quex in real life. The gray old manor house has passed out of the family, if indeed the family still exists, but the name remains, and there is no doubt that on some walk or bicycle ride from Westgate-on-Sea Mr. Pinero's quick intelligence seized upon the name and stored it up for future use.

The Duchess of Strood figures prominently in the drama. And if one takes a train from London to Westgate-on-Sea he will pass the town of Strood on the way, and if he is interested in the question he will have no doubt as to where Mr. Pinero got the name of his Duchess.

The name of a brand of champagne is often in the mouth of the Duchess. It sounded singularly like a real name to the first night audience in London where the play was produced, but even the greatest diner-out could not exactly remember having seen it. In about a month, however, people began to discover that there was a brand of that name, of the vintage of '93. But this is really only a proof that business acuteness flourishes in steady-going London as elsewhere. Two young men, one of whom, curiously enough, had been an actor, had bought some champagne of the '93 vintage on speculation, but it was from unknown vineyards and had no name. When Mr. Pinero's play became the talk of London these shrewd young gentlemen hurriedly had labels printed and launched the brand.

The New Books of the Week

The Road to Nowhere: Livingston B. Morse	Harper & Brothers
Rafnaland: W. H. Wilson	Harper & Brothers
Mother Goose for Grown-Ups: Guy Wetmore Carryl	Harper & Brothers
Glimpses of Grand Cañon:	Frank S. Thayer
The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets: Lloyd Mifflin	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Last Refuge: Henry B. Fuller	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries: W. A. Fraser	Charles Scribner's Sons
The American Slave Trade: John R. Spears	Charles Scribner's Sons
The Gravel and the Mace: Frank Warren Hackett	McClure, Phillips & Co.
The Darlingtons: Elmore Elliott Peake	McClure, Phillips & Co.
Yankee Enchantments: Charles Battell Loomis	McClure, Phillips & Co.
The Jumping Kangaroo and the Apple-Butter Cat: John W. Harrington	McClure, Phillips & Co.
The Lady of Dreams: Una L. Silberrad	Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Lane that Had No Turning: Gilbert Parker	Doubleday, Page & Co.
Church Folks: Ian Maclaren (Doctor Watson)	Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Theatre and Its People: Franklyn Fyles	Doubleday, Page & Co.
Life of Henry George: Henry George, Jr.	The Doubleday & McClure Company.
The Red Men of the Dusk: John Finnemore	The J. B. Lippincott Company.
The Art of Writing English: J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M. A.	D. Appleton & Co.
The Eagle's Heart: Hamlin Garland	D. Appleton & Co.
The Brass Bottle: F. Anstey	D. Appleton & Co.

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THE "phonographic enunciator" for street cars is a new device to relieve the overworked conductor of the trouble of shouting the names of streets, while giving passengers a better chance to understand when they have arrived at their destinations. As a matter of course, the "enunciator" will be very plain of speech, so that nobody need be in doubt as to what it says.

It is a phonograph instrument of peculiar pattern, and is intended to be placed above the door at the forward end of the car. The record cylinder which it contains has inscribed on it in a series the names of the streets to be crossed on the route. On approaching a crossing the conductor presses a button, and the apparatus yells: "Nineteenth Street! Change for West Philadelphia!"

Any place of special interest may be similarly announced, such as a theatre, a big shop or a hotel.

It is claimed by the inventor that his contrivance is equally applicable to a railroad car. An "enunciator" being installed in each such passenger vehicle, the brakeman will not be obliged to put his head through the door and shout some unintelligible Choctaw. On the contrary, the duty of communicating information about stations will be relegated to the instrument, which, just before a stopping-place is reached, will, at the touch of a button by the conductor—one button will do for all the cars on a train—make the requisite announcement in a clear and audible voice.

Another inventor has just patented a phonographic fire-alarm, which, on the breaking out of fire in a building provided with the apparatus, "causes the transmission of an audible signal, giving, in the tones of the human voice, the exact location of the fire both to parties in the vicinity and, by telephone, to the fire department." In other words, the rise of temperature in its neighborhood so actuates it as to cause it automatically to telephone for the fire-engines and to shout a warning to the people who are in the house.

Electric Jewelry

Not of much importance in a practical way, but none the less interesting, is a new invention which is intended for the decoration of the person. It is an electrically illuminated sleeve-button, which contains a tiny incandescent lamp, the necessary battery being held concealed in an upper waistcoat pocket.

The connection with the battery is by means of a couple of fine wires which run down the inside of the coat-sleeve, and the circuit has only to be completed, by the help of a little hook on the end of one of the copper strands, in order to render the article brilliantly luminous.

"Electric jewelry," as it is called in the Patent Office, comprises quite a number of devices of the kind, notable among which is a scarf-pin of peculiar pattern. The pin is a dainty flower of colored glass, behind which is hidden a small incandescent bulb, and it has two long prongs, or "stickers," instead of the usual one, for insertion into the fabric of the necktie. These prongs pass through eyelets at the back of the cravat, and, being connected with a battery by a couple of copper wires, make the circuit. The battery, just as in the case of the sleeve-button, is kept in a waistcoat pocket, and is of such small size as not to inconvenience the wearer in the slightest.

"Conservative dressers"—to speak in tailoring parlance—have not as yet manifested an inclination to adopt electric jewelry for every-day adornment. Its use has been limited almost entirely to the low-comedy stage, where, to the delight of the audience, its effects are utilized in striking and spectacular ways.

A patent of special interest in this line is for a lady's electric breastpin, which has six minute light-bulbs in its interior, the glass in front of each incandescent filament being of any color desired, according as it may be a diamond, an emerald or a ruby that is to be represented.

The electric shirt-stud, strange to say, has not yet passed the Patent Office—probably because it was held to be an infringement on other similar inventions in the jewelry line already patented.

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